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TO PUMP BORO. WATER BY ELECTRIC SYSTEM

Council Makes Contract with State-Centre Co.

TO HAVE YEAR'S TEST

Change from Steam to Electricity Claimed to Effect Saving to Consumers—Ten Years Contract if Plan is Satisfactory.

At the Monday night meeting Bellefonte borough council accepted a proposition from the State Centre Electric Co. for that company to pump by electricity all water at present pumped by the borough by steam. The project is in the nature of a test for a period of one year. As the proposition was figured out by Council the borough will effect a saving in the next year of about $500. At the end of the year the borough may abandon the plan if it is deemed unsatisfactory. If it is satisfactory, however, the borough is to enter into a contract for a period of ten years.

As outlined to council by Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance committee, it costs the borough annually $3,573 for pumping water by steam. He explained that the State-Centre Electric Co. offered to do the pumping at a cost of $18 per million gallons, and that the maximum cost for pumping would not exceed $2200. The company also proposed putting on an inspector, the borough to pay $200 toward his yearly salary. In addition the company offered to collect the borough water rents at a charge of $200 for the year. The duty of the inspector will be to be in charge of the pumping at the water works, to frequently inspect residences and other buildings where water is used to detect and correct leakage and waste. He is to make minor repairs at no cost to the borough. When he finds repairs of an extensive character are needed to prevent waste of water he is to report the fact to Council.

The State-Centre Electric Co. will install an electric pump for the water works and expects to have the new system of pumping in operation in about sixty days. At the end of one year, should the borough then not enter into a contract for ten years with the company, the borough is to pay $500 toward the cost of the equipment now to be installed. If a ten years' contract is executed, at the expiration of the ten years the equipment installed by the company becomes the property of the borough. As explained by Dr. Brockerhoff, the borough will effect a small saving in one year by supplanting steam with electricity even if a ten years' contract is not executed and the borough pays to the company the $500 referred to, the $200 toward the inspector's salary and the $200 for collecting the water rents.

Ordinarily Council would defer final action on a matter of such importance to a second or third meeting. It was explained that the State-Centre Electric Co. proposition had been under consideration informally by members of Council for the last thirty days and, therefore, they were fully informed regarding it and ready to proceed to a vote on a motion to accept or reject. There were no dissenting votes on a motion by Chairman Seibert of the Water Committee that the proposition be accepted.

Preliminary to taking the above-mentioned action Council discussed a report by Chairman Seibert of the Water Committee on the quantity of water used at the Y. M. C. A. and also at the Bellefonte Academy. This showed 13,416,456 gallons registered by meter at the Y. M. C. A. in a period of 133 days, or from August 20, 1915, to January 1, 1916, and 3,745,437 gallons registered at the Bellefonte Academy from January 1, 1915, to January 1, 1916. This water is furnished free, but if charged for would cost the Y. M. C. A. about $1020 a year, and the Bellefonte Academy about $214. The water used at the Y. M. C. A. is for the swimming pool, the capacity of which is about 75,000 gallons. When the pool was installed, as the gift of Mrs. Margaret Wilson, Council adopted an ordinance donating to the Y. M. C. A. sufficient water for filling the tank twice a week, only. This would mean a total of 7,800,000 gallons per year, or considerably less than is used according to the quantity registered in the test of 133 days. Several members of Council favored allowing each of the institutions in question a fixed amount per year for water, something like $100, and to charge them for water used in excess of that figure. President Walker expressed the belief that the matter was one subject to regulation and that the directors of the Y. M. C. A. should be informed as to conditions before Council should take any action. He referred the matter to the Water Committee and the borough solicitor, with instructions to confer with the Y. M. C. A. directors and report at the next meeting of Council two weeks hence.

On motion of the Fire and Police Committee Chief of Police Harry Dukeman and Policeman Elmer Yerger were reappointed.

President Walker reappointed Dr. M. J. Locke a member of the Board of Health for a term of five years. The board recently reorganized by re-electing John Blanchard as president; Harry Dukeman as health officer; Dr. S. M. Huff as medical advisor, and John Curtin as secretary. Council appropriated $50 for the health officer and $200 for the needs of the board for the coming year. Council was informed that the board will meet once a month and adopt a rigid policy of milk inspection.

Burgess Blanchard, as chairman of the Old Home Week committee made a report to Council on the financial end of the celebration last July. He said that the expenses amounted to something over $4000 and that until recently there was a deficit of about $250. The minstrel show last Friday night, he stated, netted about $202, leaving a defict today of about $50. He expressed the belief that means would be found for wiping this out.

President Walker announced the appointment of the following committees:—

FINANCE—J. M. Brockerhoff, chairman; W. A. Lyon, Harry Flack.

STREET—H. P. Harris, chairman; J. D. Seibert, J. M. Brockerhoff.

WATER—J. D. Seibert, chairman; J. T. Cherry, W. R. Shope.

FIRE AND POLICE—Harry Flack, chairman; J. D. Seibert, H. P. Harris.

MARKET—G. E. Haupt, chairman; Harry Flack, J. T. Cherry.

SANITARY—W. R. Shope, chairman; G. E. Haupt, W. A. Lyon.

IMPROVEMENT—J. T. Cherry, chairman; J. M. Brockerhoff, H. P. Harris.

SPECIAL—W. A. Lyon, chairman; J. M. Brockerhoff, W. R. Shope, H. P. Harris, J. D. Seibert.

COLE FOR ROWLAND

Clearfield Man Not to Aspire to Seat in Congress.

A. L. Cole, of Clearfield, several days ago authorized a statement declaring that he will not oppose Congressman Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, who will be a candidate for renomination on the Republican ticket at the May primaries. Mr. Cole announced that he would support Congressman Rowland. In his statement Mr. Cole said:

"You may say for me that I am not a candidate for Congress in opposition to Mr. Rowland, add will not enter the race at any future time. You might add that I am for Rowland."

Two State Aid Roads.

The State Highway Department at Harrisburg this week sent to the Centre County Commissioners forms of agreement to be entered into with the State by Centre County and Bellefonte Borough for proposed State aid for two streets or highways in Bellefonte Borough. Under the law covering State aid highways, one-half the cost of construction falls upon the State, one-fourth upon the county and one-fourth upon the borough or township. One of the State-aid roads in question extends from High and Water Streets via Water Street and Willowbank Street to the borough line. The cost of this piece of road, according to the papers forwarded from Harrisburg, will be $12,545.32. The agreement sets forth that additional items amounting to $4,834.50 are to be contracted for by Bellefonte Borough. The second piece of road extends from Allegheny and Bishop Streets via Bishop, Spring and Pine Streets to the borough line. The cost set forth in the papers is $8,340.60, and it is mentioned that additional items to cost $5,301.00 are to be contracted for by Bellefonte Borough. The Centre County Commissioners were requested by State Highway Commissioner Cunningham to execute the papers promptly and forward them to the Borough Council for like action and have the same returned to Harrisburg at once.

Fire at State College.

Fire gutted the Gentzel block, corner of College Avenue and Pugh Street, at State College, last Wednesday night. The first floor was occupied by the store rooms of J. H. Musser, grocery-man; G. C. Harper, picture framing, and Miss Myra Kimport, milliner. The second and third floors were used as housekeeping apartments. The loss was about $15,000, well covered by insurance.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

PATRICK H. GHERRITY IS APPOINTED POSTMASTER

His Name Sent to Senate by President Wilson.

TAKES CHARGE FEB 1ST.

Postmaster Valentine to be Retired One Month Before Expiration of Term—Friends of Other Aspirants are Disappointed.

Patrick H. Gherrity has landed the appointment as Postmaster of Bellefonte. The position pays $2500 a year and the term normally is four years.

Mr. Gherrity's name was sent to the United States Senate for confirmation last Thursday by President Wilson. It is likely that the new Postmaster will take charge of his office February 1st. This will be about one month before the expiration of the term of Postmaster Harry C. Valentine.

The appointment of Mr. Gherrity was made upon the recommendation of Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz, Democratic County Chairman, A. B. Lee and W. D. Zerby. It is said that these local Democratic leaders promised the $2500 plum to Mr. Gherrity one year ago and more recently they formally indorsed him for appointment by President Wilson. The formal recommendation was submitted to President Wilson through Democratic National Committeeman A. Mitchell Palmer.

The postoffice appointment was originally not the reward promised Mr. Gherrity for political services in the South Ward. The local leaders had assured him he would be appointed a Deputy Internal Revenue collector to succeed G. Wash Rees, but a cog slipped somewhere and the job went to a Clinton County man. Gherrity's friends were no little disappointed. The old line Democrats in town used the incident in an effort to disrupt the re-organization Democratic leaders, whereupon the latter, in order to make good with Gherrity and hold him in their camp, promptly pledged him their support for the postoffice. As it has turned out, Gherrity has landed a position which pays him twice the salary of the one he failed to get. Naturally Gherrity and his friends are no little elated over the result. On the other hand there is considerable soreness among the friends of several other aspirants for the place.

Apparently the policy of the Democratic administration, is to be one of no longer extending Republican postmasters the courtesy and privilege of serving out the customary four years term. In the case of the Bellefonte postoffice Postmaster Valentine's term is cut short one month, only, but in many other cities and towns Republican postmasters are being thrown out regardless of their terms in order to make vacancies for Democrats. With time-honored precedent thus disregarded by the Democratic leaders while President Wilson is in control of patronage, it is being demanded by many Republicans that a similar course be adopted for the removal of Democratic postmasters after March 4 1917, when it is confidently believed a Republican President will be installed in the White House.

James Newton Bell Dead.

James Newton Bell, one of Spruce Creek valley's most highly respected citizens, died at midnight last Thursday night. About ten days ago Mr. Bell suffered an attack of grip, but had almost recovered and was in Tyrone on the previous day transacting business. On returning home he suffered fearfully from the cold and had a chill. That night he took his bed and gradually grew worse until he passed away. The deceased was a son of the late George and Margaret Bell. He was born at the old homestead at Rock Springs at the head of Spruce Creek valley, and was aged 70 years, November 28, 1915. His entire life was lived in Spruce Creek valley. Forty-one years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Sadie Goss. He is survived by his wife and one son, George M. Bell. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Margaret Brown, widow of the late Dr. Brown, of Tyrone. Since boyhood days Mr. Bell had been a member of the Presbyterian church. He was also chaplain of the Spruce Creek Grange. Mr. Bell's sister was the wife of Rev. J. M. Goheen.

Short services were held at the farm home on Monday at 12:30 o'clock after which the body was taken to the Graysville Presbyterian church, where final services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Harnish and Rev. Mr. Campbell. Interment at Graysville.

ROB'T COLE ARCHITECT SUMMONED BY DEATH

Well Known Citizen Passed Away Sunday Morning.

INTERMENT YESTERDAY

Had Designed Many of the Town's Business Building's and Residences—His Death Soon Followed Removal to the Hospital.

John Robert Cole, an architect and one of Bellefonte's best known citizens, died at the Bellefonte Hospital last Sunday morning at 7.35 o'clock. His death marked the culmination of an illness dating back to December 28th, 1915. It was on the Monday previous to his death that his condition assumed a critical stage and he was immediately removed to the hospital. He rapidly declined and lingered between life and death for several days.

The deceased was born at Houserville and was 65 years old on December 26th, last. He was a son of the late John and Martha Houser Cole. His first wife was Isabel Barlett. He next married Anna Fulton. His third wife, who survives, was Mary Newell. Surviving to the first union are these children: Mrs. Walter Edmiston, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John Barnhart, of Pleasant View. Surviving are these children of the second marriage: Robert Cole, of Philadelphia; Ralph Cole and Mrs. G. Heverly, of Bellefonte. There survive one sister and two brothers: Mary E. Garbrick and Jacob Cole, of Coleville, and Perry Cole, of Bellefonte. Surviving also are these half-sisters and half-brothers: Mrs. Rebecca Tuten and Mrs. Harold Kirk, of Bellefonte; Frank Cole, of Chicago, and Amos Cole, of Lewistown. Funeral services were held from the late home on East High Street Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt and Rev. Dr. R. H. Yocum officiating. Interment was made in the Union cemetery, the services at the grave being in charge of Bellefonte Lodge of Masons.

Quite a number of Bellefonte's largest business buildings and numerous residences were designed by Mr. Cole, who was well known as an architect not only here but throughout the central part of the State. The buildings he designed in Bellefonte include the new and also the old High School buildings, the Bellefonte Hospital, the Crider Exchange, Petriken Hall, Temple Court and the Bellefonte Academy.

Mr. Cole was a member of the Presbyterian church. He was a member also of the Bellefonte Lodge of Masons and Bellefonte Lodge, I. O. O. F. At one time he served on the Bellefonte School Board. He also served as a member of borough Council.

Demented Man's Plight.

The Commissioners of Clinton County on Monday were notified that a man about 33 years old and apparently demented had been found in the woods in West Keating Township, near the Centre County line, and that he was being cared for pending investigation to learn his identity. When found the man had no hat or coat and wore no shoes. His feet were so badly frozen that amputation may be necessary. He talked in an incoherent manner and from what could be learned from him he had spent the bitter cold night Sunday in the woods. A search of his clothing revealed a card bearing the name of Howard Adams, Williamsport. The police of that city were notified and asked to ascertain if such a man belonged there.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Harold C. Hartswick, Helen E. Moran,	Bellefonte Unionville
Wm. H. Patterson, Goldie Gates,	Tyrone Port Matilda
Jan es W. Sweitzer, Lesh E. Walker,	Gorton Heights Moshannon
Harry H. McClellan, Harriet L. Baird,	Milesburg "
Peter Wormiak, Catherine Borowski,	Cato "
Wm. H. Noll, Miranda M. Mowery.	Bellefonte "

Blanchard Lady Honored.

Mrs. Emily Shaw, was seventy six years old on Friday of last week and in honor of the occasion about thirty of her neighbors and other friends assembled at her home at Blanchard. The function was arranged as a surprise, the visitors taking with them numerous baskets of choice eatables. The evening was spent socially and all had a most enjoyable time.

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTORS

Twenty ninth Annual Session to be Held in Bellefonte January 28—29.

The twenty-ninth annual session of the Centre County School Directors' Association will be held in the Court House in Bellefonte Friday and Saturday January 28 and 29. An interesting program has been arranged for the occasion by County Superintendent of Schools David O. Etters. The officers of the association are Prof. Thomas I. Mairs, of State College, president; William H. Austin, of Blanchard, and Rev. R. P. Miller, of Philipsburg, vice presidents; Charles F. Cook, of Bellefonte, secretary, and A. C. Mingle, of Bellefonte, treasurer.

Friday morning's session will be opened at 10 o'clock with prayer by Rev. J. J. Wolf, of Milesburg. Next will come the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and an address by the president Prof. Mairs. Dr. J. George Becht, Secretary of the State Board of Education, will then address the directors, devoting his remarks to a discussion of recent legislation affecting the schools. Before adjournment for the morning a committee on nomination of officers will be appointed.

The Friday afternoon session will convene at 10 o'clock, at which time David F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, will deliver an address on "The Code and the Director." Following this there will be a general discussion of the subject. "The High School and the Grade School; their relation", will be the subject of an address by Superintendent James G. Pentz State High School Inspector. On Friday evening at 8 o'clock Dr. D. C. Murphy, of Slippery Rock, Pa., will lecture on "The Old and the New."

But one session will be held on Saturday. This will be called to order at 9 o'clock in the morning and will be opened with prayer by Rev. H. S. McClintock, of Philipsburg. Prof. Charles Lose, principal of the Lock Haven State Normal School, will deliver an address on "Essentials in Elementary Education", and following a general discussion of the subject, Miss Pearl MacDonald, of State College, will talk on "The Teaching of Home Economics in the Rural School."

Before final adjournment officers for the coming year will be elected.

STRUCK BY AUTO BUS

John Rute, of Salona, Painfully Injured Near Home on Tuesday.

Early last Monday evening John B. Rute, an aged resident of Salona, was struck and injured by a large auto bus used for passenger service between Bellefonte and Lock Haven. The accident happened near Salona. Elwood Johnson was in charge of the car at the time. He observed Mr. Rute some distance ahead apparently waving his hands as if to flag the car. The speed of the bus was reduced, but Mr. Rute seemed to become confused and supposedly while trying to get out of the way he slipped on the ice and fell. Johnson turned the car to one side of the road to avoid striking the aged man, but the latter's clothing was caught by the mud guard and he was dragged some distance. The wheels of the bus did not pass over his body.

Mr. Rute was pulled from underneath the mud guard when the car was brought to a stop and removed to the office of a physician. His body was painfully bruised and his face so badly lacerated that several stitches were necessay. He was removed to the Lock Haven Hospital, where the physicians found his condition to be most critical.

Threshermen To Meet.

The annual meeting of the Thresher men and Farmers Protective Association of Centre County will be held in the Arbitration Room in the Court House Thursday January, 27, 1916, at 10 A. M. Very important matters will be considered at this meeting.

The Employers Liability Act, in effect since January 1st, concerns every thresherman. A representative of the State Threshermen's organization will be present.

The State Workman's Insurance Board will also be represented at this meeting to explain the wording of this new law that vitally affects every thresherman in the State and you must not miss this meeting.

Hartswick—Moran.

Thursday morning, January 13th, at the Reformed parsonage, Mr. Harold C. Hartswick and Miss Helen E. Moran were married by the Rev. Ambrose M. Schmidt, D. D. Harold is the youngest son of Mr. John M. Hartswick, of Willowbank Street. Miss Moran, formerly of Unionville, was a member of the training class for nurses in the Bellefonte hospital. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

BIG STONE ORDER IS PLACED AT WHITE ROCK

Cambria Steel Co. Wants All That Can be Shipped.

WAGES ARE INCREASED

Managers Concerned about Scarcity of Labor—Many Foreigners have Gone Abroad—Orders had been Slack Since Last August.

After a period of slack business since August 1915, the White Rock quarries at Pleasant Gap have received an order from the Cambria Steel Company, of Johnstown, to ship all the furnace stone that can be produced. Beginning with today things will hum at White Rock.

Co-incident with the announcement of the big order from the Cambria Steel Company the White Rock managers have ordered a substantial increase in wages as an inducement to men to report at the quarries for work and as quickly as possible.

From officials of the White Rock company the information comes that there is no limit on the size of the order received from the Cambria Steel Company, and it is merely up to the quarry managers to get out and ship the stone. It is stated also that the order covers an indefinite period of time.

More or less difficulty in securing men for the quarries is feared by the White Rock officials. Many of the foreign working men who were at White Rock last summer have returned to Europe. Others have gone to cities and towns where war munitions are being manufactured for shipment abroad. The announced increase in wages is intended to in some measure overcome this situation.

Hands Down First Opinion.

Judge Quigley this week handed down his first opinion and decree since entering upon the bench. Argument court was held last week. The opinion and decree was in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Isaac Harpster. The latter was convicted by a jury upon a charge brought by Roxie Rossman. He asked for a new trial, contending that in the indictment the prosecutrix changed the date of the commission of the crime from November 6th, 1913, to December 6th, 1913, and set forth that the change in date was made necessary owing to the fact that the prosecutrix discovered the defendant was not in the State until about December 4th, 1913, and that if she had adhered to the original date Harpster would have been able to prove an alibi. The Court held that the jury was given the benefit of this situation and that the defendant therefore had no reason to complain of the merits of the exception. The Court also set forth that it could not concur in the contention of Harpster that the verdict was against the weight of the evidence. The Court held that Harpster had a fair and impartial trial and was convicted on the evidence submited. The motion for a new trial was accordingly refused.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder William Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

William D. Custard to Jesse B. Churchhill, tract in State College; $4800.

Jacob Bechdel, trust, to J. A. Bitner, et al, tract in Liberty Twp.; $1100.

Philip D. Foster to J. W. Thomas, 6 tracts in Taylor Twp.; $1.

Poor Dist. Spring Twp. to Supervisors of Spring Twp., tract in Spring Twp.; $10.

Harbison Walker Co. to Joseph Sharpless, tract in Rush Twp.; $50.

Jacob Kettner's Admr. to George King, tract in Aaronsburg; $350.

John Williams to Sadie J. Rishel, tract in College Twp.; $1.

O. J. Harm, et ux, to Estella E. O'Brien, tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; $5000.

John H. Uzzell Admrs. to Rena Bland, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $1874.95.

Marie Nischik, et bar, to Frank Zeigler, tract in Rush Twp.; $200.

Frank Zeigler to Christ Muscha, et al, tract in Rush Twp.; $600.

A. M. Finkle, et ux, to John Ream, tract in Centre Hall; $250.

H. L. Curtin, et al, to Mary J. Neyman, tract in Howard Twp.; $300.

Man and Wife Killed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spasich, of Union Furnace, were run down and instantly killed by a fast freight while walking on the railroad tracks near by their home last Sunday night. Two of their children were painfully injured.

KNOX A CANDIDATE

Enters Field for Election as United States Senator.

After a conference last Friday with Governor Brumbaugh in Harrisburg, Philander C. Knox, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania and a Cabinet member under Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, formally announced from Pittsburgh his candidacy for the United States Senate to succeed George T. Oliver, who retires March 4, 1917. Mr. Knox's candidancy was forecasted on Wednesday in a statement issued by Senator Penrose in which the senior Senator heartily indorsed the former Secretary of State as the logical man to succeed Senator Oliver.

Indications that ex-Senator Knox will receive the united support of all factions in the State Republican Organization were contained in statements indorsing his candidacy which were issued by Governor Brumbaugh and William Flinn, the former Progressive leader in Pennsylvania. Governor Brumbaugh went so far as to declare that the Vares and their lieutenants in the State had met early in December and agreed upon ex-Senator Knox for Oliver's seat in the Senate. The result of their conference, according to the Governor, was conveyed to Mr Knox on December 17. In announcing his candidacy Mr. Knox issued the following statement:

"I appreciate the generous offer of support tendered me by Mr E. V. Babcock in his statement announcing his intention not to become a candidate. I would not be candid if I did not say it is my intention within the period provided by law to file the necessary papers indicating my candidacy to succeed United States Senator George T. Oliver who has voluntarily announced his retirement at the end of eight years of his faithful and efficient service. I have been persuaded to this course by prominent men through the State, representing all shades of supposed differences in the party councils, but all believing in the fundamental principles of the Republican party."

Governor Brumbaugh, when asked, following the announcement of Mr. Knox's candidacy, if he favored the former Secretary of State for United States Senator, declared that he did. In response to an inquiry as to what he knew about Mr. Knox's candidacy, he said:

"Early in December last a group of gentlemen interested in Pennsylvania and anxious to have her worthily represented in the United States Senate concurred in the judgment that ex-Senator Knox would be a fitting candidate, worthy to represent this great Commonwealth in its national Senate. Among the gentlemen who were conversant with this situation and participated in its conclusions were Mayor-elect Smith, Attorney General Francis Shunk Brown, Public Service Commissioners Ainey and Magee Congressmen Griest, Vare and Kiess and myself."

Asked if ex-Senator Knox knew of the meeting, the Governor replied: "This information was conveyed to Mr. Knox on December 17, with the assurance that he was by reason of his honorable career at Washington and his legal training, especially fitted in this crisis to serve the State in the national Senate."

The Governor was also asked if he and Mr. Knox discussed the latter's candidacy last Saturday evening. "Yes, at the Terrapin Club dinner," replied the Governor. "I gave Mr. Knox my personal assurance of sympathy and support when he courteously advised me that he had practically decided to become a candidate. His call here today was a friendly one, deferred to this time owing to the fact that both of us are busy men."

Governor Brumbaugh also predicted that the former Secretary of State would be a popular candidate and said that he was needed in Washington at a time when international treaties, a protective tariff, merchant marine and other great national issues are likely to arise.

William Flinn, the former Progressive chieftain, foreshadowed the support of the Progressives to Knox's candidacy in the following statement: "Pennsylvania is to be congratulated in having a man of the high calibre of Philander C. Knox to put forward for the United States Senate."

Woman's Home Companion.

The February Woman's Home Companion not only has splendid fiction by well known writers, but excellent, special articles and features.

"The Housework Boycott," by Ida Tarbell, written after thorough investigation, shows why girls do not want to enter domestic service and how to get contented and good servants. In "The Man Across the Aisle" Emily Barton Reid describes the peculiar dangers that girls are subjected to when traveling alone, pointing out that fifty thousand girls disappear annually in the United States. An original article on Russia, from a new angle, is contributed by Laura Spencer Portor. Alice Farnham Leader, M. D., gives some valuable instruction by which business women can preserve their health.

Mary E. Hollihan Dead.

On Friday, January 14th, at 1 a. m., Mary E. Hollihan died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Katherine Rawlins, at Pittsburgh. She was formerly a resident of Centre County. Funeral from her late residence, on Monday, at 8.30 a. m. Requiem mass at St. Kieran's R. C. Church.

White Pine Tree Disease.

Warnings have been issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculcure, the New York Conservation Commission, and the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry, that a disease, imported with seedling trees from Europe, now threatens to do as much damage to white pine as the blight did to chestnut in the eastern part of the United States.

The disease is the white pine blister rust. It is peculiar in that it attacks only white pines, or those which have five needles in a cluster, and that it cannot spread directly from one pine tree to another, but must pass part of its life on currant or gooseberry bushes, whence it is carried to the pines by wind and insects. It works on young pines in much the same way that the blight destroys chestnut trees. It appears as a yellow spot on the bark, from which small roots work through the living wood, causing a swelling which splits the bark and kills that part of the tree above the injury. The disease appears also as yellow spots on the under side of the leaves of currant and gooseberry bushes.

From 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 small white pines are planted in the eastern states every year for reforesting. Pennsylvania alone now plants more than 4,000,000 a year, and has planted to date over 10,000,000. If the blister rust becomes as prevalent as chestnut blight, the greater part of the work of reforesting in the east done in the last twenty years will have to be done over, and the small amount of mature white pine remaining will be seriously endangered.

The disease is known to exist in New York, which was one of the first states to suffer from chestnut blight, and it is suspected that there are several infections in Pennsylvania. Pathologists say, however, that it has not yet reached the stage where it cannot be eradicted by prompt and concerted action. Congress will be asked to make an appropriation of $50,000 for the work this year, and Massachusetts and several other states will ask for appropriations.

The Pennsylvania Department of Forestry is anxious to cooperate with the conservationists, nurserymen, and timber owners of the state in an effort to keep Pennsylvania clear of the disease, and will be glad to have anyone send in small trees or parts of bark of larger trees which are suspected of being infected.

Bellwood Preacher Missing.

The official board of the Baptist church at Bellwood, at a meeting held on last Thursday evening, declared vacant the pulpit of the church and arranged to supply a minister until such time as a regular pastor for the church is selected. The action of the church board followed the disappearance from Bellwood, last Sunday, of the Rev. A. J. Bowser, recently pastor of the Baptist congregation there.

The present whereabouts of Bowser is unknown, according to information gleaned by a Times representative at his late residence. Mrs. Bowser, the minister's wife, has been ill since last Monday, and was unable to leave her bed until Thursday at noon. Friday evening it was stated that Mrs. Bowser would vacate the parsonage of the church as soon as her health permits her being moved, when she will go to Schenectady, N. Y., to reside with her son, Harry, who is now at Bellwood, arranging the affairs of his father.

Since Rev. Bower left Bellwood, last Sunday, no word has been received from him except a telephone message from Altoona, on Monday, when he is said to have communicated with his wife, and a letter received by one of the official board of the church, mailed at Altoona, on Monday, and requesting that any salary due him be paid to his wife.

When Rev. Bowser returned to his pulpit, he filled it regularly, and there was no further comment upon any of his actions until last Monday, when Mrs. Bowser explained that he had left his home.

Rev. Bower is declared to be an excellent preacher and a most energetic pastor, the congregation, under his direction, having been built up to the highest figure in the history of the church.—Altoona Times.

WOMEN'S WOES

Bellefonte Women Are Finding Relief at Last.

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "Keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headeches, dizzy spells, bearing-down pains; they must stoop over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Keeping the kidneys well has spared thousands of women much misery. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that is endorsed by people you know.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from backache and severe pains across my loins I also had headaches and dizzy spells My kidneys caused me a lot of annoyance. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co., and one box removed the backache and trouble from my kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Thal had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Reporting A Battle

An Experience of a Newspaper Correspondent

By MILLARD MALTBIE

"Kitson," said the editor in chief to me when the pan-European war broke out, "you must go to Europe at once to report the big fight that's on. Take the first steamer that sails, and don't fail, for it may be the last. The ships by which you must cross the ocean fly either the British or the German flag, and the cruisers of each will be trying to capture the other's vessels."

"Which army shall I accompany?"

"Any army. Go where there is the severest fighting."

My chief's surmise that the ship on which I sailed might be the last proved correct. At any rate, it was the last for awhile. I reached England when the Germans were attacking Liege and asked for permission to go over with the British troops that were being sent across the channel. I was refused. No newspaper correspondents were to be allowed with the army. I lost some time trying to convince the war office that the world was hungry for news of the fighting, but made no impression. I crossed the channel as soon as I could find a boat to take me and reached France at a time when the Germans were sweeping southward toward Paris.

How I got to the scene of the fighting I wouldn't like to say. I went by motorcar till the Germans took it away from me, then bought a horse cheap. The owner expected hourly some cavalryman would take it without paying for it, and when the animal was taken from me on the same terms I walked.

The great scene of my life was one morning when I reached an elevated point where I could look down on the battle raging between two lines, each so long that, though I was raised several hundred feet above them, I could not see either end of either army. Near by the thunder of heavy ordnance, the b-r-r-r-r-r of machine guns, the rattle of rifle firing, sounded like a storm, while on either side the sounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, like rolling thunder dying away. Directly beneath me was a battery of large cannon screened from the enemy by a thicket. On a knoll slightly in advance of it stood an officer with a telephone receiver to his ear and a transmitter at his lips, giving the gunner the range. They were firing beyond the point they intended to hit, and he was doubtless giving them orders to reduce the distance, for I noticed that with every shot their shells exploded nearer to the French lines till at last they burst in a field where infantry were standing under arms and the shrapnel scattered among them caused frightful gaps in their ranks.

Above aeroplanes were moving hither and thither, some darting away to the east, some to the west and some coming from both east and west. Doubtless those moving on long distances were carrying news of the battle on the wings to the commander in chief in the center.

At that time the Germans were entering French territory and soon began their rapid movement toward Paris. Before nightfall the roar of battle had been moved so far southward that it now sounded like the mutterings of a storm that had passed. My work consisted of seeing the fighting, reporting it and sending my communications to my paper. So I remained behind to attend to the last two parts of my duties. About sunset, seeing beneath and in advance of me a hamlet, or, rather, the ruins of a hamlet, one house of which seemed to have been but little damaged, I descended from my perch, intending to use the remaining house for shelter and a place to write my dispatch.

I found the house in better shape than one would have supposed. True, several shells had made openings in the walls, but had not exploded within. Some of the furniture had been knocked into kindling wood, but there were a bed and bedding which had not been even disarranged. It occurred to me that after I had finished my scribbling, in case no opportunity occurred to reach a point where I could send it, I would use that bed for the night.

I found eatables, lights, almost any article I needed. So, having helped myself to the contents of the cupboard—cold meat and bread and butter—I lighted a kerosene lamp and wrote out a description of the fight I had seen.

When I had finished my work I went outside to reconnoiter, undecided whether it would be better to attempt to send off the report at once or wait till morning. I stood alone, surrounded by ruins. All was still except for an occasional distant boom and the creak of ambulances, farther on, taking up the wounded. A young moon cast a dim light over all. I walked down the street that separated the ruins and saw not a living thing. But here and there I passed a corpse of a soldier. Two, the one wearing the French uniform and the other the German, lay near together, the German having fallen upon the Frenchman so that they seemed to be sleeping in an embrace. A German boy—he looked no more than seventeen—was sitting with his back against a stone wall, where he had bled to death from a wound in his chest. He had doubtless been thinking of home.

Rather than remain among these grewsome scenes I preferred to take my dispatch to a station where I would be permitted to send it, but I knew not which way to go, and if I moved about in the dark I was liable to be shot. So I returned to the house where I had prepared it with the determination of sleeping on the bed I had seen till morning. Throwing myself on it dressed and without turning out the lamp—I did not relish darkness in such a place—I tried to sleep, but the exciting scenes I had witnessed during the day and the grewsome scenes about me kept me awake for awhile; then, tired with the exertion I had been put to, I fell asleep.

But not for long. I dreamed a shell had exploded above me, and I woke up in a tremble. And now I saw the first living thing that appeared to me in this wrecked abode. A door stood ajar, and in the opening was the face of a girl peering at me. On it was an expression of dread. The moment she saw that I was awake she drew away and closed the door.

Starting up, I ran to it and pulled it open. I could see nothing, but heard steps descending a pair of stairs.

In a twinkling I understood what it all meant. When the tide of battle had surged over this house the inmates had hidden in the cellar. I called out: "Je ne suis pas Allemand, mademoiselle. Je suis Americain." (I am not German. I am American.) Then, taking up the lamp, I descended the stairs. Huddled together was an old man, an old woman and several children. The girl I had seen stood between me and them.

Never have I seen a more pitiable sight. These people were living in a cellar, into which little light permeated. The old persons and the little children suffered most, the former being chilled by the damp atmosphere, the latter deprived of proper food. They had evidently entered their place of concealment in haste, for they had no bedding or other articles to make their imprisonment less distressing than it might otherwise have been.

I stood looking at them, pitying them; they looked at me, supposing that an enemy had discovered their retreat and expecting I know not what calamity. My first thought was to reassure them.

"The soldiers are gone," I said in French. "There is no danger. Come upstairs."

"Are you sure, monsieur?" asked the girl.

"Come and see for yourself."

I retraced my steps, and she followed me, but on reaching the floor above stood looking about her, as if dreading to see some fierce creature who would butcher her. As soon as she was satisfied that there was no such person about she called to the others, who came straggling up, looking furtively about them.

It was some time before I could quiet them so that they would communicate anything to me, but presently I gleaned from the girl that they had been in the cellar nearly two days, during which time they had had nothing to eat. They were all, especially the children, nearly famished. I helped them to get out what eatables there were at hand, and in a few moments they were eating ravenously, though before the girl began to eat she returned to the cellar and brought up a bottle of wine. For there are few persons in France but drink the wine of the country.

The family insisted on my occupying the only bed that had escaped being wrecked, but I resolutely declined, taking my blanket to an upper room, where I could see the stars through a hole in the roof made by a shell. There I stretched myself on the floor, feeling that if the dead were without the living were within. Consequently I went to sleep and slumbered till the sound of distant cannon awakened me, and I knew the slaughter had recommenced.

I decided to spend the day hunting an opportunity to send off my report, and after partaking of a breakfast of what was left in the larder I sallied forth. But I did not get very far. Guns, provisions, ammunition, were being hurried forward along the roads, and I concluded when evening came to find a place between thoroughfares to spend the night. So I repaired to the house I had occupied the night before.

I was disappointed to find the family gone. But when I reflected that they had nothing to eat I saw that their going was necessary. Not caring to spend another night amid such lonely surroundings, I determined to look for other quarters and found them in a barn that had escaped being leveled by shot or fire, though the uhlans had taken the contents for their horses. I succeeded in scraping together enough hay to make me a bed, on which I slept quite comfortably.

The next morning I had no difficulty in reaching a point where I could send my reports, for I was arrested by the French and hustled off to Calais. There again I met with grewsome sights, for the place was full of wounded.

Finding that reporting battles and fighting my way to the battleground without any assurance of being permitted to stay there was discouraging, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity and chose another field for my labors.

The war has changed much since then. There are more men, more guns, more shells, more aeroplanes. And that new kind of fortification, the trench, has become the principal defense in military engineering. More men are upon the air and more down under the sea. They fly higher and dive deeper. If so great have been the changes within a few years, what shall we have in another quarter of a century?

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70 00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

LIST OF JURORS DRAWN.

Names of Those Who Will Attend Next Term of Court.

Grand Jurors.

(Week beginning Monday, Feb. 28.)

W. F. Leathers, farmer..Howard twp.
William Bilger, contractor.....Spring
J. A. Shaltz, farmer.....Boggs
H. F. Carson, minister..State College
Edw. G. Jones, merchant..Philipsburg
Austin Walker, laborer.....Boggs
Albert Schenck, farmer.....Liberty
Snyder Tate, teamster.....Spring
W. B. Bathgate, farmer.....College
Andrew Shawver, farmer.....Penn
Geo. Cunningham, clerk....Bellefonte
W. T. Kunes, laborer.....Boggs
Thos. A. Poorman, laborer.....Boggs
Thadeus Cross, farmer.....Spring
Oscar Adams, painter.....Philipsburg
Thos. McMahon, laborer..St. College
O. B. Schreckengast, foreman....Rush
J. A. Rankin, clerk.....Bellefonte
Victor Auman, miller....Centre Hall
Harry Gilmore, farmer.....Penn
Wm. E. Keller, farmer.....Miles
H. D. Rossman, farmer.....Gregg
John Wilson, laborer.....Philipsburg
Clement Dale, farmer.....College

Traverse Jurors.

(Week beginning Monday, Feb. 28.)

J. M. Allard, carpenter.....Rush
Owen Underwood, farmer.....Union
W. W. Shuey, farmer.....Benner
George Houck, farmer.....Rush
Geo. J. Weaver, painter.....Bellefonte
Edward Nolen, miner.....Rush
J. Victor Brungart, farmer.....Miles
Thos. B. McClellan, laborer..Unionville
Chas. E. Dorworth, editor..Bellefonte
Arthur Thomas, bl'ksmith.....Patton
Fred Klett, laborer.....Philipsburg
Harry Mann, Supt.....Milesburg
Silas M. Reese, laborer....Philipsburg
Perry Hinds, laborer.....Walker
Ed. L. Gates, reporter.....Bellefonte
J. H. Crouse, barber.....Haines
William Talbert, farmer.....Union
M. P. Walker, reporter.....Bellefonte
Henry Sents, laborer.....College
Andy Dill Confer, laborer.....Liberty
John P. Mechtley, retired.....College
J. H. Weaver, laborer.....Boggs
Richard Dettling, stone mason..Spring
Charles Evans, laborer.....Rush
L. M. Decker, sawyer.....Potter
Wm. Quick, carpenter..Snow Shoe boro
P. S. Brumbaugh, agent...Philipsburg
B. F. Swartz, student.....Walker
W. A. Peters, foreman....Philipsburg
Frank Cleveastine, salesman,Bellefonte
C. M. Resides, farmer.....Union
Hammond Sechler, merch't.Bellefonte
L. M. Tobias, farmer....Howard twp.
Arthur Hosband, farmer.....Union
Clyde Beck, farmer.....Half Moon
C. O. Mallory, farmer.....Miles
John Burkholder, farmer.....Potter
W. B. Garis, stone mason.....Potter
W. R. Campbell, laborer....Milesburg
Paul Carner, farmer.....Walker
George Stott, agent .....Philipsburg
Geo. H. Kline, plasterer...St. College
I. L. Miller, farmer.....Philipsburg
R. C. Thompson, farmer.....Worth
James Butler, laborer.....Curtin
Richard Gates, laborer.....Ferguson
Thos. Bowes, gentleman..Howard boro
Randall Graham, painter..Philipsburg

Traverse Jurors.

(Week beginning Monday, March 6.)

D. W. Sweetwood, sawyer.....Gregg
Thos. S. Lingle, laborer.....Liberty
ira Harpster, farmer.....Ferguson
Saml L. Conde, salesman.....Gregg
B. C. Bloom, farmer.....Patton
C. Z. Long, laborer.....Howard boro
Geo. W. Gates, farmer.....Worth
Victor Way, farmer.....Half Moon
W. B. Feidler, carpenter ..St. College
A. J. Miller, farmer.....Liberty
C. M. Brown, farmer.....Boggs
H. E. Dunlap, officer.....Bellefonte
Bruce Runkle, farmer.....Potter
D. J. Gingery, farmer.....Huston
H. C. Hall, farmer.....Union
Edw. Klinger, bl'ksmith....Bellefonte
J. A. Hoover, salesman.....Bellefonte
George Sheckler, laborer.....Boggs
F. P. Ripka, laborer,.....Gregg
Wm. Hudson, Jr., carpenter, Philipsb'g
G. W. R. Williams, teacher....College
Enoch Hartshorn, laborer..Philipsb'g
John Shontz, clerk.....Philipsburg
Harry Haag, laborer.....Bellefonte
W. H. Ghaner, lumberman.....Patton
I. J. Dreese, salesman.....College
C. S. Bottorf, farmer.....Potter
T. B. Jamison, justice of peace.Gregg
A. T. Rowan, laborer.....Unionville
D. L. Shuey, stone cutter.....College
S. C. Rockey, bl'ksmith.....Patton
Daniel Stine, laborer..So. Philipsburg
Chester Eves, farmer.....Half Moon
J. B. Arney, farmer.....Potter
C. Z. Stover, engineer.....Haines
Edw. Quick, foreman.....Milesburg
Frank Richards, laborer...Philipsburg
W. H. Bressler, farmer .....Gregg
W. S. Martz, farmer.....Potter
R. A. Kerstetter, mechanic.St. College

William Motchman Dead.

On Thursday, January 13th, at 1 p. m., William Motchman, son of Eugene A. and Anna M. Motchman, aged 17 years, died at the home of his parents in Pittsburgh. The Motchman family at one time resided in Bellefonte. Funeral services were held from the residence of his parents, on Saturday, January 18th, at 2 p. m. Interment in United Cemetery, Pittsburgh.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mrs. Verna T. Dailey, Miss Mary Gearhart, C. W. Harris, Rose J. Johnson, Mrs. Bessie Jodon, David Rhoads, Miss Julia Rhoads, George Snyder. When called for please say advertised.

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. $1.00 a bottle.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

THE FLATBOATMEN

A True Story of the Ohio Valley In the Eighteenth Century.

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

The boys of the first half of the nineteenth century read Indian stories of what may now be called the easterly west. The main avenue to the conquest of this same region, later called the middle west, was through the Ohio valley and the tributaries of that stream. The stories these boys read were not the fictitious tales their children or grandchildren perused in the latter part of the same century of the red man of the "plains" or the Rocky mountains, but real happenings to pioneers passing down "La belle riviere," as the early French settlers called the Ohio river, to open up what became Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and other territory in that region.

As soon as the Revolutionary war ended the tide of emigration to these states commenced. From Pittsburgh to its confluence with the Mississippi the Ohio was dotted with the flatboat of the period.

Hostile Indians infested the Ohio valley and were fertile in stratagem, as all red men have always been. When they took prisoners they would compel them to act as decoys to emigrants on the flatboats. There were also renegade whites who served the same purpose. These whites would hail a flatboat and beg the emigrants to take them aboard, saying that they had been captured by Indians and escaped. As soon as the boat came into the backwaters on the shore, where it could only with difficulty be brought again into the current, it would be attacked by Indians who had been concealed on the shore. In time this strategem became known to the whites, and they would refuse to listen to the decoy's pleading. Yet there were times when the pleader was sincere and was denied rescue.

Other devices were resorted to by the Indians to lure the flatboatmen to the shore that they might be murdered and plundered. Game was plentiful in the forests, and the red men would imitate the sounds made by animals or birds. The wild turkey, which was obtainable in America till the middle or latter part of the nineteenth century, was a coveted meat by these pioneers, and often when the gobble was heard the boat would be steered to shore and a hunting party sent for the birds.

In 1788 Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, engaged in obtaining salt from the Kentucky licks, with a party of thirteen whites, including one woman, left Louisville and floated down the Ohio till they reached the mouth of Salt river, which they ascended by the backwater. Scouts were sent ashore on the near bank of Salt river while the boat moved slowly onward. On the morning of the second day of this ascent the boat was landed and preparations were made for breakfast. The gobbling of the wild turkey was heard in the woods, and two of the crew went ashore with their guns to secure a bird or two for the meal.

Now, these persons had seen indications of the presence of Indians and knew that the gobbling of the turkey was a common decoy with them. But not stopping to deliberate they fell into the trap. Scarcely had they reached the shore when more than a hundred Indians sprang forward.

Whoever has seen an Indian painted for war, his features made savage by the colored lines drawn upon them, can imagine the terror inspired by the attack. Few persons now living have seen this sight, but those who have cannot understand how white men during the early history of America could take their wives and little children, too, to make homes in a country where they were liable at any moment to be murdered.

Of the flatboat party two were on shore, the rest still on the boat, which had been fastened to a tree by means of a chain that had been carried around the trunk and a hook on the end inserted in a link. The object of the Indians being to secure the emigrants, the boat and its cargo, they made a furious attack upon the whole party.

Every man sprang to his gun, and since in all there were a dozen guns the Indians, who never wasted life in their encounters if they could help it, retired behind the trees on the bank.

Then commenced a steady fire on the boat. The Indians were protected by the trees, and the return fire from the whites availed little or nothing. Besides the advantage of hiding behind trees, the savages were on higher ground. Now one and now another of the pioneers fell, but such was the necessity for every man to stand by his rifle that the killed were not heeded and the wounded were left to take care of themselves.

Unfortunately for the whites the boat lay with its bow to the shore, and the salt kettles had been placed along the sides, leaving an open space through which the Indians sent a destructive fire. The water underneath the boat was deep enough to float her, and it was desirable to disengage the boat from the shore, in which event she would float out into the current and beyond the reach of the Indians' bullets. But if any one went ashore to unhook the chain he would be dropped immediately.

Meanwhile the Indians were picking off the men one by one. Every time they dropped a man there arose a hideous yell that, with the loss of their companion and the prospect of death for themselves, froze the blood in the pioneers' veins. Efforts would have been made to turn the boat so that they would get the protection of the salt kettles, but any man who attempted to use an oar for the purpose must stand up to be shot down.

Solomon Spears and several others were killed, and it looked as if the whole party would fall before the red men. A man named Fosset, one of the two who had gone ashore, had suffered a broken arm from a bullet, but had retreated to the boat. Not being able to hold a rifle, he busied himself by trying to loose the chain. Taking a pole, he lay low in the bow and endeavored to force the hook out of the link with the pole's end, but he only drove it inward. Finally with a short projection caused by the cutting of a branch from the pole he succeeded in removing the hook from the link.

What must have been the feelings of those who yet lived on the boat to see the chain unwound from the tree and rattle down the bank into the water! Would the eddy have sufficient force to carry the boat out into the current? Would the chain retard her sufficiently to prevent her moving? One of the men sprang to an oar which he could work overhead without exposing himself to the enemy's fire and succeeded in working the boat out into the current.

For the first time since the fight began an hour before those who lived could spare a moment to count the dead and wounded. Five of the party were killed outright and four wounded. Solomon Spears was mortally wounded. He urged the survivors to pull the boat to the opposite side of the river and flee for their lives.

But the current carried them to a position farther downstream where they would again be within range of the Indians' rifles. Running down the bank, yelling as only savages could yell, they again attacked the whites. Two of the men who had been spared to fight, Crepps and Crist, each seizing a rifle, ascended the bank. The Indians fired a volley at them and fell back into a ravine, putting a bullet into Crepps' side and crushing Crist's heel. Another man who had followed the two into the fight returned to the boat and reported that he had left his companions on the shore powerless to get away.

Taking advantage of the retirement of the Indians, the few remaining aboard the boat pulled her again out into the middle of the river.

With the boat full of dead and wounded, with only one or two able to man the oars, the chance of escape was still small. But fortunately they were in the current, and the Indians, either satisfied with their work or not caring further to expose themselves, permitted them to drift away, and they reached a point of safety.

The settlers, having been roused by the story of the massacre, went at once to the scene of the final encounter to rescue the two men who had fallen. Crepps was found to be mortally wounded. He was brought away, but died during his removal. Crist's efforts to save himself were thrilling. Not being able to touch his wounded heel to the ground, he crawled into a thicket; but, realizing that the Indians would find him there, he took off his moccasins, bound them to his knees and started to crawl miles to a salt lick. For three days he had not tasted food. Weakened by hunger, suffering excruciating pain from his shattered heel, his progress was necessarily very slow, being not more than half a mile an hour.

One night—it was the second after he commenced his tortoise journey—while lying near a trail he heard the sound of horse's hoofs. He called for help, whereupon the sounds were heard going away from him. This was naturally a bitter disappointment. Crist lay where he was, intending to resume his journey in the morning, hoping against hope that he would retain the strength to finish it.

The horseman who had passed, hearing a voice in the wood, either from fear of an enemy or superstition hurried on and, riding to a settlement, reported his experience. The settlers, realizing that some white man might be needing assistance, formed a posse and rode out to where the voice was heard. There they found Crist exhausted and brought him in.

The story of the woman of the party is given in a few words, and yet it must have been a long and harrowing one. She was carried to Canada and ransomed by a trader. In this sentence her story is summarized. What she suffered during that long journey of hundreds of miles and how her captors treated her are among the dread stories of that thrilling period. "Taken to Canada and ransomed by a trader"—there is scarcely enough of it for an epitaph on a tombstone. And yet who knows but that in some old trunk, in a dingy garret, a yellow manuscript lies hidden which now and again through successive generations some descendant of that woman may take out, peruse and put back to be read later on by some other of her progeny?

If in the story of these flatboatmen we are impressed with their hardihood one other item arrests our attention. It is that twelve white men and one white woman defended themselves against 120 Indians for an hour, the enemy being above them on the bank and protected by trees, and that the whites succeeded in loosening their boat and pulling it out into the stream. Later these same Indians, or a large part of them, were put to flight by two white men.

CURIOUS ANDORRA

Oldest, Smallest and Strangest of All Republics.

A PATCH IN THE PYRENEES.

This Tiny Nation, Where All Men Are Really Equal, Has Never Produced a Page of Literature, a Bar of Music, a Painting Nor a Leader of Men.

For 1,100 years, since its foundation as a republic in 805 (and no one knows for how many centuries before that), curious little Andorra has gone its own strange way utterly oblivious to the progress of the other nations of Europe. It has its own idea of the meaning of life, and it lives according to that. A traveler entering the republic today will find it exactly as it was 1,000 years ago.

It is a republic which has never achieved anything in its long and vague history; a republic which has never produced a page of literature nor a bar of music nor a painting; a republic which has never had a place in the councils of Europe and has never asked for one; a nation which has never produced an ambitious man.

Andorra consists of six counties and boasts about a dozen towns. Its entire population is 5,000 souls.

The chief occupation of the people of Andorra is cattle raising, and thousands upon thousands of cows may be seen browsing in the rich pastures, yet it has never occurred to Andorrans to milk these cows, and butter and milk are unknown in the republic. Dairy products are nonexistent. The only cheese made is that from the milk of sheep. Visitors find it impossible to procure milk or cream for their coffee. Andorrans themselves use brandy instead and think it is better than anything else in coffee.

In 805 Louis the Debonair laid siege to the city of Urgel, which is to the south of Andorra. The Andorrans, led by Marc Almugaver, took up arms to aid the French, and for their assistance Louis gave them a charter and permitted them to be self governing.

As it now exists it is the smallest republic in the world. It is situated in the Pyrenees between France and Spain. It is about eighteen miles wide and sixteen miles long from north to south. It is difficult of access, as there is not a single railroad running through or near it.

Its capital is Andorra la Vielia, with a population of 500 and containing the Casa de la Vall, or house of representatives. This is a large sixteenth century building at the extremity of the town, overlooking the valley toward Spain. It is parliament house, town hall, school, palace of justice and hotel for the councilors all in one. It is also used as a temporary prison in the rare cases when a prison is necessary. Crime in Andorra is practically unknown. The only Andorrans suffering imprisonment are the smugglers of tobacco caught by the French or Spanish custom officers, and these are not looked upon as malefactors by their fellow citizens. Smuggling is regarded as a legitimate trade.

There is no police department and no police. Every citizen has the power to arrest, but this privilege is rarely used.

The territory was once densely wooded and is said to derive its name from the Moorish Andarra, "the land thick with trees," but almost all the forests have been destroyed for fuel. The climate is generally cold, with very severe winters. The land is chiefly devoted to grazing for the numerous flocks and herds. But on the sheltered southern slopes it is carefully cultivated and produces grain, potatoes, fruit and tobacco. The local industries are of the most primitive kind and show little or no advance since the middle ages.

The only roads are bridle paths, with the exception of one municipal road connecting Andorra with the high road to Seo de Urgel and Manreso by way of the Balira valley.

Andorra is perhaps the truest democracy in the world. There is no nobility, and there is no class distinctions. All men are equal, not only in the eyes of the law but in the fullest sense of the word. The first citizen of the land, the president, is a farmer.

The republic is governed by twenty four representatives, elected every four years. These representatives choose one of their number as president of the republic. His salary is 80 pesetas a year, or $20. Representatives get 10 pesetas, or $2.50 a year.

There is no such thing as poverty in Andorra. Every one has enough and has no desire for any more. Though they are hard drinkers, cases of intoxication are very rare. They speak their own language, Andorran, but French is taught at the schools. The school system is regulated by the French, and for this service Andorra pays annually to the French government 900 francs, or $180. From this it may be seen that taxation is very low. Doctors' services are absolutely free, and drug stores supply their patrons without charge.

Andorrans drink a great deal, and they are untidy in their personal appearance. But they are extremely honest, and theft is unknown in the country. Though descended from an ancient race, they are not good looking. Their faces are hard and uncomely, but that is because their lives are hard. The women work beside the men in the field, and feminine leisure and paint and powder are unknown.—New York Sun.

Edward Temple, Scamp

Showing How Sometimes a Rogue Will Win

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Ned Temple at twenty-one inherited a fortune, which he proceeded to spend lavishly. Ned was one of those lovable fellows who cannot refuse any one a favor, and the most of his money went in satisfying the cravings of the needy and in loans to his supposed friends. When his money was all gone he proceeded to live on credit, and when his credit was gone the bailiffs got after him.

One of Ned's creditors, his tailor, whose profits on Ned's orders had been large, not being especially grateful for past favors, trumped up a charge of swindling against him in order to force him to pay a bill of $16 and swore out a warrant for his arrest. Ned got wind of the matter, and, throwing a few articles into a suit case, he made for a train and the same evening found himself in another city.

He had been there before in his halcyon days and had spent a lot of money there. Not having a cent in his pocket, he was obliged to find shelter and food by means of his assurance. Marching into a club where he had several times been "put up" by a friend, he called the gentleman up on the telephone and desired the same favor. Not succeeding in getting him, Ned told the manager that his former introducer would be around in the morning to introduce him again.

During the evening he fell in with Lord Tinterton, a young English nobleman, who possessed letters of introduction to prominent American families. One of these was to the Meriweathers. Ned had heard that there were several pretty girls in the family, and it occurred to him to put in a brief period as a guest at their house by borrowing his lordship's letter. Tinterton, being assured that Ned wished the introduction to assist him in a love affair, consented. Ned sat down to a table, wrote a note on club stationery, inclosed the letter and dispatched it by special messenger.

The next morning Miss Grace Meriweather was driven up to the club in a limousine, and the chauffeur called for Lord Tinterton. Ned, who was on watch, responded, went out to the car and was invited to transfer himself during his stay in the city to the Meriweather domicile. Returning to the club, he left word for his friend, who was to "put him up," that he would not be able to avail himself of his kind act. Then a servant carried his suit case to the car and he and Miss Meriweather were driven away.

Miss Meriweather proposed a drive before going home, to which Ned cheerfully assented, and before they drew up at her residence the couple had entered upon a desperate flirtation. No one could spend an hour with Ned without a flirtation, and to girls he was irresistible. He remained all of three days with the Meriweathers, then received a letter from a friend to whom he had loaned $500, containing a check for the amount. He bade goodby to his hosts and, returning to the city, showed himself boldly on the street, stopping at the tailor's to settle his bill.

In the three days spent with the Meriweathers Ned had carried Miss Grace completely off her feet and had left her engaged to him as Lord Tinterton. Had not the scamp been oblivious to future exposure he would have been much troubled, for he could not always remain a lord and his deception must soon come out.

However, he forgot the deception with as much ease as he forgot his debts. He was recalled to the former by receiving a note from Miss Meriweather addressed to him as Lord Tinterton, expressing wonder and reproach that he had not written and summoning him to her presence at once on pain of having their engagement broken. Ned had enough left of the loan repaid him on which to make the journey and took the next train to visit his fiancee.

Now, it happened that soon after Ned had left Miss Meriweather she had heard that Lord Tinterton was being entertained socially in the city, and naturally she wondered. Ned had seen Tinterton before going home, thanked him for the loan of his letter, which he returned to him, informing him at the same time that it had enabled him to pass several days with the girl he loved and begged his lordship not to give him away. Tinterton, who was a jolly good fellow and a bit of a scamp himself, promised that on no account would he see Ned suffer if he could help it.

One morning Tinterton received a note from Miss Grace Meriweather, stating that a man had delivered a letter of introduction from him to her family. He seemed to be an entirely different person from the one she now addressed. Would he kindly explain?

Tinterton saw at once that Temple was on the brink of exposure and, remembering his promise, racked his brains for a method to protect the man who had used his letter. He finally wrote Miss Meriweather that he would explain the matter on her promise to keep it a secret. Receiving an assenting reply to this, he wrote her that he was Lord Tinterton's secretary and that his lordship had brought him to America with him for the express purpose of personating him at such times as he might wish to escape the attentions of "tuft hunters." Lord Tinterton was a very retiring man and, having found himself importuned to accept invitations that would be irksome to him, had requested his secretary to relieve him of the onus, thereby sparing his lordship the necessity of offending a number of persons. The secretary closed his letter by stating that he hoped the lady would be careful not to let the matter get out, since his lordship had so far honored him as to tell him that he had won the heart and hand of one of America's fairest daughters and an exposure during Tinterton's absence might cause a good deal of trouble. The note was signed "Henry Brewerton, secretary."

When Ned returned to his fiancee she told him of her correspondence with his secretary and expressed a desire to see the man who had been so successful in personating him. Ned held his breath till the story was finished, then remarked with perfect assurance that Brewerton was very useful to him when an avalanche of invitations came down, and he didn't know what he would do without him. He came of an excellent family in England, and his breeding rendered him capable of playing the part of a king.

Miss Meriweather approved his lordship's plan of escaping the hordes of persons who were hunting him and expressed a desire to meet his secretary. She asked his lordship to extend to Mr. Brewerton an invitation for her to dinner. At this Ned looked blank, but only for a moment, saying that he would be most happy to do so. He was commissioned to ask Mr. Brewerton to dine on the first day that he had no other engagement.

On leaving his fiancee Ned at once sought Lord Tinterton and pressed his hand gratefully, praising his marvelous tact and ingenuity in getting him out of the scrape. "But we are not out of the woods," said Ned. "There are more quicksands to get over. I say this because by your letter to Miss Meriweather you are now involved with me. I have promised to bring you—my secretary—ha, ha!—to dine with my fiancee. Isn't it funny?"

"But, man," said his lordship earnestly, "when are we going to reach the denouement?"

"The denouement! There is an adage 'Never try to cross a bridge till you get to it.' Let that be our guide."

His lordship was not reassured by this, but since he saw no way out of the matter and had the advantage of being the real lord, while Ned was the spurious one, he gave him authority to accept the dinner invitation for him.

It is to be confessed that, notwithstanding this advantage, Tinterton on meeting Miss Meriweather was less at ease than Ned, who introduced him with a flourish and bestowed upon him encomiums that made his lordship wince, considering that he was simply a man of the world bent on pleasure. But when the lady indicated by her manner that she was especially taken with the secretary it was Ned's turn to wince, and he felt like bestowing on his rival blows instead of praises.

However, the dinner passed off without anything occurring to give away these two precious deceivers, and there was no ill feeling except a bit of jealousy on Ned's part. This was stimulated by Miss Meriweather inviting the secretary to go with her for a spin in her car the following morning. Ned departed in company with his rival with his nose in the air, and, notwithstanding the delicate position he occupied, had the latter not been very good natured, would have quarreled with him.

When Tinterton returned to his room after the drive with Miss Meriweather he found Ned waiting for him. Tinterton did everything to reassure Ned that he was not trying to win his girl away from him, but the green monster had fastened his fangs on Ned's heart and would not let go his grip. Tinterton bore a message to Ned from Miss Meriweather that she desired him to call upon her the same evening.

Ned believed that she had accepted him, supposing him to be a lord, but notwithstanding this faith was about to throw him over for a lord's secretary, with whom she had become infatuated. He would have stayed away, thus rendering it incumbent on her to write him his dismissal, but he was certain of nothing, and curiosity prompted him to go to her.

On being ushered into the drawing room, what was his surprise to see Tinterton sitting with Miss Meriweather. Ned entered with a scowl at the nobleman and a look of contemptuous reproach at the lady. Both rose as the spurious lord entered. Tinterton looking embarrassed, Miss Meriweather maintaining a reserved dignity.

"I have sent for you, Lord Tinterton," she said to Ned, "to make a confession. Captivated with the idea of being Lady Tinterton, I accepted your offer without loving you. I have decided that this would be unjust to you; therefore"—

"You have transferred your affections to that blooming Englishman."

Both the real Tinterton and Miss Meriweather burst into a laugh. Ned, red as a beet, turned and was stalking out of the room when Miss Meriweather threw her arms about him and held him.

"That was an awful game for you to play," she said, "and I didn't see it till the day I invited you and the real Lord Tinterton to dinner. Yesterday when we drove out together I confided my knowledge of the situation to him. I suppose I should have you arrested for false pretenses, but instead I"—

With her arms still around Ned's neck it was evident what she intended.

Ned stepped from a hall bedroom into a four story stone front house. His motto is, "Dishonesty is the best policy."

CROWNED IN DEATH.

A Grewsome Ceremony After Pedro I. Gained His Throne.

Do you know what was the most solemn and impressive coronation ever accorded the consort of a king? Modern coronations are impressive, it is true, and it is all very well to be a queen and to ride in state from palace to the cathedral, although Ena of Battenberg, now Queen Victoria of Spain, found the ride a little too exciting for real comfort. But in spite of that attempted assassination there was nothing in her assumption of the crown that was at all comparable with the coronation of another princess in the southwestern peninsula of Europe in the year 1350. She was Inez de Castro, one of the bluest blooded maidens of the haughty and ancient royal strain of Portugal.

In 1347, when Don Pedro had been betrothed by his father and the court to a Spanish princess, he eloped and was secretly married to his fair cousin, Inez. When the king of Portugal learned of the marriage he had his unwelcome daughter-in-law murdered by a band of hired assassins. The result was a devastating war, and when the prince ultimately came to the throne as Pedro I. he had the body of his beloved exhumed, attired in regal robes and placed in the throne chair. One fleshless hand clasped the scepter, and to this dead queen the whole court was required to do homage. That night she was buried with the greatest pomp and solemnity.

DIET FOR STOUT FOLKS.

Foods That Nourish, but That Do Not Produce Fat.

Many foods are very nourishing, but do not produce fat. The two kinds which create fatty tissues are fats of all kinds, like butter, lard, drippings (foods cooked in them), and the large group of foods classed as starches. If eaten in excess starch will be laid up in the body as superfluous or stored fat.

Following is a list of nourishing foods which will not produce excess fat:

Light meats, like chicken, white fish, lean beef; all vegetables except potatoes, parsnips and other starchy kinds; fruits of all kinds except bananas; grains or cereals except oatmeal and rice; beans and cheese; milk (in small quantity); eggs.

Beer and all malt drinks increase fatty tendency. The diet of milk and eggs will fatten unless exercise is taken or the body is in a very run down condition. Cocoa is a fattening drink also.

Exercise, plenty of water between meals and a diet of lean meats and many vegetables and fruits prevent fat. Avoid pastries, cake, fried foods, gravies and sauces. Do not eat between meals. Live in the open air and be active. If possible, perspire freely some time each day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Long Spoon.

"Tomkyns" recently heard the expression, "If you sup with the devil you will need a long spoon." "Though I never heard it before," he says, "it is evidently fairly well known, and what I should like to know is, What does it mean and where does it come from?"

It means that if you are going to sit down to a meal with his Satanic majesty you will need a long spoon to avoid the necessity of getting too near the old gentleman, and in its general sense, of course, it implies that if you have dealings with a dangerous or notorious person it behooves you to use great caution. It comes from one of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and the quotation reads:

Who suppes with the Deville sholde have a long spoone.

—London Opinion.

What He Would Give.

"I understand you have a great many friends in this city."

"Yes," replied the man, as modestly as he could.

"Could you give me the names of some of them to whom I might go with my proposition?"

"I could, but I won't," replied the man.

"Why not? It is generally done."

"Perhaps it is," replied the man slowly, "but, you see, I wish to keep all my friends. Would you like the names of a few of my enemies?"—Detroit Free Press.

Fastidious Pigs.

Pigs, instead of being ready to eat anything, are among the most fastidious of animals. Out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; sheep, out of 528 plants, eat 387 and refuse 141; cows, out of 494 plants, eat 276 and refuse 218; horses, out of 474 plants, eat 262 and refuse 212, while pigs, out of 243 plants, eat only 72 and refuse 171.—London Express.

Too Well Cleaned.

Papa—I cannot conceive what is the matter with my watch. I think it must want cleaning. Pet Child—Oh, no, papa, dear! I don't think it needs cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning."—London Tit-Bits.

He Couldn't Dodge.

He—As it is to be a secret engagement, dearest, it would not be wise for me to give you a ring at present. She—Oh, but I could wear it on the wrong hand, you know!—Exchange.

Wet Welcome.

Flinging a jar of water over your friend is one striking form of salutation adopted by the south sea islanders.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 20, 1916

CARL[illegible] FORTWORTH, - Ed., & Pub'r

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It remained for Pat Gherrity to show some old-time Democratic leaders a thing or two. Some are cussing but Pat is smiling. Twenty-five hundred per year will help along the smile.

President Wilson is beginning to smile at the old-line Democrats over the country. Sure thing. Woodrow is grooming himself for re-election. Hence his sudden interest in a large portion of the Democratic party overlooked by him in the last three years.

'Tis said that W. D. Zerby, Esq., may shortly enter the field for Democratic nomination for the Legislature. 'Tis also said if he is a candidate it will be on a local option platform. One never can tell these days just what is going to happen next.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz chalked up the name of Pat Gherrity for postmaster of Bellefonte. Democratic National Committeeman Palmer was handed the tip and all other applicants, active and otherwise, went into the discard. Despite party service in the past, they never had so much as a look-in.

The effort to scare up a contest against Congressman Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, for renomination on the Republican ticket at the May primaries apparently has fallen flat. This was not surprising. Congressman Rowland is entitled to re-election and all signs are that he will have a solid party vote behind him.

It is said that William J. Brennan, of Pittsburgh, an old-line regular Democrat will be put forward as a candidate against A. Mitchell Palmer for Democratic National Committeeman from Pennsylvania. Palmer is the representative of the reorganization element. An old fashioned scrap worth twice the price of the admission is likely to result.

A Day in Bed.

There are times when everyone realizes that they are on the verge of an illness. The symptoms vary according to the individual case but whether it be a cold, grip, or exhaustion, Nature usually has a way of sounding a warning which is not to be mistaken.

When danger signals are thus displayed for our benefit in this fashion there is one course of action which will often prove effective, even at the eleventh hour. A day in bed in a well ventilated room with an extremely light diet is frequently sufficient to save one from a severe illness, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

Rest is often one of Nature's simplest and most effective aids to healing and if taken in time may be warranted far superior in it's thereapeutic effect to any quantity of drugs taken after the damage is done.

An extremely light diet or a fast for twenty-four hours serves the same purpose in giving the digestive organs a needed rest under such conditions A day or so in bed adhering to the resolve not to allow the ordinary annoyances and responsibilities of life to interfere with one's complete relaxation would often be of more value than traveling long distances for a change of climate.

There are some people who boast of their ability to keep going regardless of the warnings which Nature serves in times of danger At times they may be successful avoiding the penalty but usually they have to "pay the piper." Better a short voluntary rest now and then than one enforced by a profound disturbance of health as the result of disregarding Nature's warning.

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THE FRENCH HOME

There the Servant Is Like a Member of the Family.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NURSE.

She Is the Real and Rational Ruler of the Turbulent Children Who, as a General Rule, Are Spoiled by Their Too Indulgent Parents.

The French people have not, so far, produced a spiritually servile class. The occupation most dangerous to the soul—that of personal service—has not resulted for the people of France in flunkyism on the one hand and superior airs on the other.

There is something in the poise and motion of French working girls, in their fearless eyes and vibrant voices, that suggests a fluid and mobile social structure which deepens the impression of rigidity in the life across the channel and beyond the Rhine. French people of the more favored classes are never heard bemoaning the decay of a "proper" servant class. On the contrary, if you speak to them of the striking contrast between the French proletariat and that of other countries—theirs so natural and gay, the others so humble or so sullen or both—they instantly expand with pride. "Exactly!" they exclaim. "Our brave French people! Just as good as monsieur, as madame, but also no better!"

The status of the French domestic derives in part at least from the weight of responsibility under which she serves. For her mistress is neither a careless housekeeper nor an indifferent mother. It is precisely because the Frenchwoman loves her children so ardently, so romantically, one might say, and because her quick, intelligent grasp of material situations makes her an excellent economist at home that she requires and establishes in the household not a common servant, not a "mother's helper," but a woman of intelligence and character, a woman often young and untried, but with the true ring, who is or soon becomes capable of assuming direct responsibility for the care of the children and the house—a woman who deserves and receives the consideration due to the head of an important department in the management of the family life.

French children are notoriously spoiled. The little monarchs are kept on a pedestal well into the age of moral responsibility. Father, mother, all the older relatives, vie with one another in admiring and indulging them. With this understanding of the term and scope of the child's autocratic reign, one can afford to laugh at turbulent scenes in which he puts to rout every adult in the house except his bonne. At the mere sight of her the little desperado begins to quiet down. He is in the presence of the only person who has, so far, exercised any rational authority over him, the person before whom he feels the beginnings of shame at doing wrong.

The bonne is the most important person in the family group, so far as its material well being is concerned. And morally, spiritually, she is a true member of the family. It is not for nothing that the word "bonne" means "good" as well as "nurse."

It may be that the prevailing good relation between masters and servants in France has a very simple explanation—simple and yet profound. It may be that it springs at bottom from the warm affections of the people. They cannot live without love and sentiment. Better than any other people they know how to keep alive the romance of friendship, of love and even of that inherently bad relation, master and slave.

The French servant who has no family ties—and often the one who has—throws her whole heart and soul into the family life of her master and mistress.

She must love—she must serve—she must be loved. And the French master and mistress understand. Each one idealizes the sentiments of the other. In a word, the romance of the situation grips them all. French literature is crowded with examples of mistress and servant whose intimacy shows no trace of condescension on the one side or of servility on the others.—J. Frances Cooke in New Republic.

Art at Home.

Believe me, if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear our houses of troublesome superfluities that are forever in our way, conventional comforts that are not real comforts and do but make work for servants and doctors. If you want a golden rule that will fit everybody this is it: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."—William Morris.

A Precious Mosaic.

For ages upon ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone—impossible to find and which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.—Mme. de Girardin.

Might Be Worse.

"I'm in debt—heavily in debt," wailed the disconsolate man.

"Is that all that's troubling you?" retorted the cheerful stranger. "From the way you're acting I thought somebody owed you money that you couldn't collect."—Detroit Free Press.

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now.—Old Saying.

The Shadow of Death

What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him

By F. A. MITCHEL

The following narrative is given exactly as it occurred with scarcely any filling in transforming it from ordinary parlance to the story form:

One of the saddest features of the war between the states was the arraying against one another of the different members of the same family. Such cases were more especially to be found on the border line between the United States and the Confederacy. In east Tennessee the prevailing sentiment was for the Union. Kentucky was about equally divided. Maryland was in favor of the Confederacy. All these states, however, were held for the Union by being occupied by Federal troops in the early part of the war. In Missouri, which was geographically a northern state, the institution of slavery had been planted, and both Confederates and Federals waged war for its possession, the latter gaining the day during the early part of the war.

For years the mutterings of the strife that was to come were heard in the land, and for months those who were farseeing began to fear that it was about to break forth. Then came the day of firing on Fort Sumter, and the people began to range themselves on the side with which they sympathized.

One day two brothers, Allmon and George Vaughan, bade each other goodby in the town of Canton, Mo. Allmon's sympathies were with the north in the struggle about to take place, while George's were with the south.

"I am sorry, George," said Allmon, "that you are determined to take the Confederate side in this contest, but I grant that you are honest in your convictions. You are to be in the Confederate army; I shall fight with the Federals. I hope that we shall never meet on the field of battle."

"And I regret, Allmon, that you will not be convinced of the wrong the northern people are doing the south and that you will not join me in defending her. However, since I can't convince you we must part."

"Goodby, George. I hope that we will both come out of the struggle alive and shall meet again here at our home, but something tells me that the war will be a long one and before that can be we shall both be exposed to terrible dangers."

Little did either of the brothers foresee the great danger that would befall one of them and the efforts to be made by the other to save him from a fate worse than death on the battlefield or under the surgeon's knife. George Vaughan made his way to the south, while Allmon was given a position on the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend of the Vaughan family.

About a year after the parting of the brothers George Vaughan determined to pay a visit to his home in Canton. Being a Confederate soldier, this could only be done secretly. Disguising himself, he passed the Union lines and reached Canton without his identity being discovered. He was received with joy, mingled with fear and trembling, by the members of his family. To Mrs. General Green, on whose husband's staff his brother Allmon was serving, he bore messages from friends in the Confederacy. Quite likely the lady was a southern sympathizer, for most of the women in the border states were on the southern side, even the wives of Union officers not concealing their preference.

When George Vaughan returned from his visit he was recognized by one who had known him before the breaking out of the war, and since he was known to have gone south to enlist in the Confederate army, and caught within the Union lines in disguise he was arrested and lodged in jail at Palmyra.

The record does not state that the prisoner was bearing information concerning the Union forces or plans to the southern leaders, but it is probable that he was. Having brought messages to Mrs. Green, it is quite likely that he took messages from her and perhaps to friends in the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that there were written messages containing the contraband information.

George Vaughan was transferred from Palmyra to St. Louis, where a charge of being a spy was preferred against him, and a court was convened to try him. His defense was that he had gone to his home for no other purpose than to visit his family. Whether or no he was bearing information to the Confederates, having been caught within the Federal lines in citizen's dress was sufficient to convict him. At any rate, such was the result of the court martial, and he was sentenced to be shot.

Here was a singular case. The brother of a captain in the Union army was to be executed by the Federal officers. Allmon Vaughan heard of his brother's danger with dismay. There was but one hope for a man sentenced by a court martial, and that was in President Lincoln. John B. Henderson was then one of the senators from Missouri, and Allmon Vaughan appealed to him to use his influence with the government to help his brother out of the terrible position into which he had fallen. And yet there was but little hope, for during that war when a man was sentenced to death for being a spy he was usually executed. However, Senator Henderson began his efforts in behalf of the prisoner by laying the case before the secretary of war. Mr. Stanton made an investigation of the case and decided that the sentence of the accused was deserved and must be carried out.

Then Senator Henderson appealed to the president.

Mr. Lincoln during the war was regarded by those high in command as a stumbling block to military discipline. So tender hearted was he that he could not refrain from interfering in the case of deserters from the Union army and such persons on the Confederate side as were caught smuggling contraband goods or information into the south. Often, where the accusations were clearly proved, the president would defeat justice by a pardon. It is related that Secretary Stanton, to whom was given great power to thwart this interference on the part of the president, on presentation of an order from Mr. Lincoln in behalf of some luckless individual would tear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in this case the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an effort in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released."

"I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing."

"See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the iron secretary, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow that was then hanging over the only man who could save him he would have lost all hope.

It was the 14th of April, 1865. Senator Henderson called upon the president to report the issue of his final effort with the secretary of war. The senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president is the Shadow of Death, wearing a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim, satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent to his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

Half a century has passed since the tender hearted president was martyred. There have been many anecdotes told of him, but none so affecting as this writing of a pardon for a Confederate officer and going directly to his death at the hands of Booth. We have Mr. Lincoln's speech at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. Every day is advancing Mr. Lincoln in the admiration and the hearts of the civilized world. Beside its impressive words should stand this last act of his life from which the pardoner went to his own death. His words of consecration on the battlefield were long in being recognized for their true value and in finding the place among men they occupy today. Perhaps at some future date this last official act—an act of clemency—may take its place beside his words at Gettysburg.

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Special attention to school children. Careful attention to nervous people. For the convenience of those who cannot come during the day, they will be at the drug store until 9 o'clock in the evenings.

Don't Forget - Janary 26 Until February 2

William W. Hampton Dead.

William Walter Hampton, a Civil War veteran and an aged and highly respected resident of Spring Township, died at his late home near by Bellefonte at 10.30 o'clock Monday night following an illness of about ten months. His death was due to cancer. He was nearly eigthty three years old, having been born in Huntingdon County April 24, 1833. He was the son of John and Sarah Sharp Hampton. He was twice married. His first wife was Martha Brooks, deceased. His second wife, who survives, was Lydia Walker. The surviving children to the first marriage are Lemuel, of Hunters Park; Stewart, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Eva Sherrer, of Harrisburg; Lydia Allen Hampton, of Harrisburg. The surviving children to the second marriage are Mrs. Edward Whittaker, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. James Paciai of Johnstown. There survive also four sisters and one brother: Mrs. Sarah Anne Everhart, Mrs. Fila Albright, Mrs. Margaret Davis, all of Colerain, Huntingdon County; John Hampton, of Tyrone, and Mrs. Alice Maffet, of Spruce Creek. Funeral services were held today at 2 o'clock from the late home, Rev. Walter F. Carson officiating. Interment was made at Curtin cemetery. Mr. Hampton was a member of the Presbyterian church. For fifteen years he was a member of the Spring Township School Board, seven years of which he served as president. During the Civil War Mr. Hampton enlisted September 4th, 1863, with Company G, 143d Regiment. He served with bravery until the close of the war, being discharged May 30th, 1865.

Mrs. Irvin Gettig Dead.

A particularly sad death was that of Mrs. Irvin Gettig, of Bellefonte, who passed away at 11.45 o'clock last Friday morning at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary McClenahan, at Centre Hall. The news of her death came as a profound shock to her many friends here. Several days previously she was operated on for appendicitis at her mother's home. Apparently the operation was successful and it was believed she was on the road to a rapid recovery when some time Thursday night she suffered from weakness of the heart. Her condition quickly became most critical and despite all the attending physicians could do she expired at the time noted. The deceased was born December 10th, 1874, in Potter Township, the daughter of Mary and the late James McClenahan. Her maiden name was Anna Elizabeth McClenahan. On June 29th, 1899, she married Irvin Gettig. For a number of years they had made their home in Bellefonte, her husband being associated with his brother Lewis H. Gettig, in the meat market business here. Surviving the deceased are her mother and five brothers and two sisters: William, Charles, John, Harry and Clymer McClenahan and Sarah McClenahan, all of Centre Hall, and Mrs. C. A. Daniels, of Whiting Vermont. Funeral services were held from the home of Mrs. Mary McClenahan, at Centre Hall, on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, of Bellefonte, and Rev. Mr. Kurtz officiated. Interment was made at Centre Hall.

Mrs. Caroline E. Ott Dead.

Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Ott, widow of the late James Ott, died at her home in Bellefonte last Sunday morning at 2 o'clock, following an illness which dated back to November 28th, 1915. She was a well known and much esteemed resident and her death is sincerely mourned by a large number of friends. The deceased was born in Penns Valley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Snyder. She was seventy-seven years old in December, last. She married James Ott, who preceded her to the grave ten years ago. The children born to this union are William Ott, of Bellefonte; Alfred Ott, of Williamsport; Mrs. Elizabeth Ripka, of Williamsport; Mrs. Samuel Hazel, of Bellefonte; Sarah, at home; James W. Ott, of Williamsport; Mrs. Robert Breon of Horsehead, New York; Mrs. Cora Rothrock, of DuBois. Funeral services were held from the late home Wednesday morning at 10.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Reformed church, of which the deceased was a life-long, active member. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Hives, eczema itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment is fine for skin itching. All druggists sell it. 50c a box.

Got some money for Xmas, didn't you? Don't you think you'd better get something for it that will last you for many many years? Jewelry and Silverware will do it.

Think It Over.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Snyder, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder.

Mrs. D. E. Woodring spent Sunday in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Kreps, of Altoona visited Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Cartright recently.

Miss Madge Orris and Gerald Davis spent Sunday with Miss Kate Baldridge.

Miss Lucille Williams spent Sunday in Howard.

Harry Jinet spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

George Austin spent Sunday at his home in Blanchard

Miss Mary Pletcher, who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to her home in Howard.

F. L. Wetzler is on the sick list.

Mrs. Ross Wallace, of Bellefonte, spent Saturday with Mrs. James Wallace.

Miss Lockard, of Bellefonte, visited on Sunday with Mr and Mrs. David Wyland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Austin are rejoicing over the arrival of an eight pound boy on last Friday evening.

Mr. H. Robison and Mr. John Miles made a business trip to Altoona last week, returning on Friday.

Mrs. Leah Wetzler suffered a stroke on Monday evening. Her condition is serious.

Miss Stella Smith, of Boston, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Emma Smith.

Miss Stella Walker, of Altoona, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker.

Miss Pearl Watson is ill with pneumonia.

Fred Heaton, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

James Watson, of Juniata, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson recently.

Mrs. Thurston Deihl and children left Sunday for Julian.

Mrs. Samuel Goodman, of Philadelphia, visited her sister, Mrs. James Wallace, during the past week.

Mrs. John Fulton and son, of Osceola, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Shroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin and children, of Osceola, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler during the past week.

Miss Gurtha Murphy, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Miss Gladys Glenn.

Mrs. Sue Newman, of Bellefonte, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Newman.

Clinton Swartz, of Tyrone, spent Sunday in the burg.

Miss Lola Crowl is visiting in Orviston.

Mrs. Shearer is visiting in Orviston.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester T. Miles, of Altoona, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith.

Harris Hugg, of Uniontown, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Hugg during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird during the past week.

Henry Hoover, of Unionville, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs Leon Yorks

Samuel Baird, of Lewistown, Sundayed with his father, Joseph Baird.

Mrs. Howard Spear is visiting in Tyrone.

Miss Stella Grafmyer Sundayed with Miss Gladys Glenn.

Mahlon Baird, of Altoona spent the week-end with relatives here

Mrs. Fowler is ill with the grip

Miss Florence Taylor is ill with the grip.

Tom Sheckler, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

John Hoover, of Unionville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Mrs. William Newman has been very ill for the past week.

Miss Maud McMullen is visiting in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emenhizer are mourning the death of their little daughter, Ruth Mildred, aged 2 months and 11 days, who died Saturday, January 16th. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at 1:30. Interment was made in the Trexyiulny Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Lepley, the Methodist minister, officiated.

The many friends of Miss Harriet L. Baird and Mr. Harry H. McClellan were delightfully surprised to hear of their marriage on Saturday evening at the M. E. parsonage in Bellefonte. Miss Verna Baird, sister of the bride, and Mr. John Bryan attended them. Rev. Dr. Yocum officiated. The ring ceremony was used. Mrs. McClellan is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird and is very popular among the younger set. Mr. McClellan is a rising young man. He is a member of Our Boys Band. He is employed with F. L. Wetzler, merchant and undertaker. They will go to housekeeping in the near future. Their many friends extend to them the very best wishes for a happy and prosperous life.

Howard.

"I'm but a cog in life's vast wheel
That daily makes the same old trip,
Yet what a joy it is to feel
That but for me the wheel might slip!
'Tis something, after all, to jog,
Along, and be a first-class cog.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shay and Miss Forence Confer were Bellefonte shoppers Saturday.

Misses Miriam Lucas, Clara Smith and Pearl Pletcher, students at the Lock Haven Normal, were over Sunday guests at their respective homes.

Misses Genevieve Pletcher and Lorena Williams visited friends at Bellefonte Saturday.

Miss Florence Confer left Sunday evening for Tyrone, where she will be employed for the Wilson Chemical Co.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher, a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven Hospital, spent Sunday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perry, of Altoona, were over Sunday guests with Mrs. Perry's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Lucas.

George Leathers, of Emporium, spent Sunday with his wife and children.

Malcolm Schenck, who is employed at Jersey Shore, spent several days at home last week.

Clyde Lucas and son, of Tyrone, spent Saturday with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barr and daughter, of Tyrone, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Mrs. Shuman Holter returned home Thursday after spending several days with her sister, Mrs. Candy, at Tyrone.

Sam Pletcher left last week for Pittsburgh, where he will attend Iron City College.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Zirby and children, of Columbus, O., are visiting her father, Charles Smith.

David Holter gave his home friends here a delightful surprise one day this week when he arrived in Howard with a bride. It was the first that his friends here knew that he had been married His bride was formerly Miss Grace Coffman. She is an accomplished musician. The wedding was solemnized on September 6th at Columbus, Ohio, to which place Dave went to work shortly before that date. Mr. and Mrs. Holter will reside in Howard and Dave will again become leader of the Howard Cornet Band.

Mt. Eagle.

Well, Mt. Eagle items are somewhat scarce. The only thing booming is the mine prop business.

Mrs. Roland McCartney and little girl, who spent a week visiting in Snow Shoe, returned home last Saturday morning.

Mrs. John Barger, who lives in Newberry, visited on Sunday with her mother, Mrs. William Bitner, and sister Ethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Minnemyer, of Coleville spent Sunday with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Yeager, of Curtin, were Sunday visitors in Mt. Eagle between trains on Sunday.

George Brown and Forest Hall, of Youngwood, each spent a night here recently with Grandmother Brown.

Rev. John Forest, a former pastor of this charge, preached on Sunday afternoon in the Kennedy M. E. church, and in the morning at Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Braumbaugh, of Altoona, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Mrs. Arthur Bathurst was a shopping visitor to Lock Haven last Friday.

Three of our Mt. Eagle girls are now employed in the shirt factory at Howard. They are Misses Margaret Wyman, Mabel Bathurst and Alice Dunkle.

Mrs. Elmer Gettig and children are visiting with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hayes Daughenbaugh, and also with Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

Jackson Kline thinks that if the bears don't stay away from Mt. Eagle he won't come up here any more to fish.

John Thomas spent Saturday night and Sunday here with his family.

Miss Anastasia Armor Dead.

In the death of Miss Anastasia Armor Bellefonte has lost one of its oldest and most highly esteemed residents. Her death occurred at 8.15 o'clock on Thursday evening of last week. While her passing away was not wholly unexpected, yet it occasioned sincere sorrow among many warm, admiring friends. She was genial and unassuming and loved for her true worth. At the time of death she was in her eighty-fifth year, her life-time having covered the period of the greater part of the history of Bellefonte. She was born here, the daughter of the late James and Ruth Benner Armor, pioneer residents of the town. For the last three years she had not enjoyed very good health. Her death was due to a general breaking down of the system. She was a life-long active and consistent member of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church. Surviving are a brother, Monroe Armor, and a sister, Mrs. Samuel B. Miller, both of Bellefonte. Funeral services were held on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

TALISMAN OF THE CELTS.

Romance of the Lia Fail, a Curious Piece of Stone.

In every strongly Irish newspaper, either in America or in Ireland, there is the oft repeated threat: "Wait until we recover the Lia Fail. Then Ireland will become a republic." And the readers have asked again and again: "What is the Lia Fail? Where is it, and what is its magic power?" Those who remember the Fenian fiasco, some years ago, will recall the battlecry of the troops, "Ho, for the Lia Fail!" The recovery of this Celtic talisman, however, would involve something more than a victory over some outlying province of Great Britain, for it is a part of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. It is a curious piece of stone, a little more than two feet long, and is said to be the identical stone on which Jacob rested his head when he had his marvelous dream. It was taken to Ireland, according to tradition, before the Christian era, and its removal from that island meant the death of liberty and independence to the Celt.

After a century of possession it was conveyed to the Ionian islands, to be used in a coronation ceremony, and was never recovered. The kings of Scotland seized and held it as their mascot. By Edward I. it was carried to London among the spoils of war when the Scottish kingdom began to totter. The son of Edward attempted to restore the stone to the Scotch, but already it had taken such hold on the superstition of the English that they feared for their country, and a mob prevented its restoration.—Exchange.

COLORS OF METEORS.

Three Stages Through Which They Pass to Reach the Earth.

An article by Alfred Wegener in the Scientific American offers an explanation of the marked difference of color observed in meteors. Up to an altitude of about forty-five miles the principal constituent of the earth's atmosphere is nitrogen. A second stratum of the atmosphere, extending up to about 125 miles, consists mainly of hydrogen. Still higher, Wegener himself has sought to prove the existence of a stratum consisting of an excessively light gas which he calls "geocoronium."

When entering the atmosphere from outer space meteors do not become luminous in the very tenuous "geocoronium sphere," but only when they enter the "hydrogen sphere," and most of them are dissipated before reaching the nitrogen atmosphere. The largest fireballs, however, penetrate deeper and may reach the earth or explode not far above it.

Dr. Wegener finds that the meteors that penetrate deep enough pass through three color stages—viz, yellow-white, green and deep red. The great majority exhibit only the first stage, in which the color (white, yellow, sometimes reddish) is that of the incandescent meteor itself. The green stage Wegener believes to be due to the incandescence of the hydrogen through which the meteor is passing, while the deep red stage is due to the incandescence of nitrogen in the lower atmosphere.

Thrill of Being Wet.

There is something rudimentary and fundamental about having water splashed down upon one and getting completely and deliciously wet—not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You yourself when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an unforeseen and unavoidable rainstorm—the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water on your nose, into your sleeves and down your neck, and the joyous slush of soaked, water logged boots. Even the tedium of being rubbed with alcohol, bundled up and warned you would catch your death did not diminish the event. You voted it better than the time you fell off the boat dock; it lasted longer.—Atlantic.

Criticism Implied.

"He doesn't like my cooking," sobbed the three months bride, a tear on her long lashes. "I just know he doesn't. So there!"

"What makes you think so?" her mother asked. "Has he said he doesn't like your cooking?"

"No-no-o," stammered the bride.

"Nonsense, child. It's just your imagination. I felt there was no basis"—

"There is a basis," the bride insisted tearfully. "I had been cooking the loveliest things for him for about two weeks, and then he told me he had decided to become a raw food faddist Bo-hoo-o-oo!"—Judge

Miss Eve Stover Dead.

Miss Eve Stover, aged about 27 years, was found dead in her bed room at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sallie Stover, at Axe Mann, early Wednesday morning. Her father was the late Martin Stover, who died about two years ago. She had not been in the best of health for some time past and on Tuesday was not feeling as well as usual. A brother, John Stover, went to her room to awaken her and found her lifeless body on the floor. It is supposed that she was stricken with heart failure as she was engaged in dressing herself for the day. The deceased is survived by her mother and these brothers and sisters: John, at home; Uriah, of Bellefonte; Mrs. David Keller, of Pleasant Gap; Mrs. Jerry Owens, of Buffalo Run; Arvilla, James and Joseph, at home, and Myrtle. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock from the Axe Mann Methodist Episcopal church. Interment will be made in the Pleasant Gap cemetery.

UNTACTFUL ADAMS

The Pathetic Unpopularity of Our Second President.

HE WAS VAIN AND GLAD OF IT

Then, Too, He Had an Obstinate Personality That Endowed Him With a Positive Genius For Putting Himself In the Worst Possible Light.

The choleric John Adams had been president for more than two years, but as long as Washington lived the country refused to look upon any one else as its real head.

The way of the transgressor may be hard indeed, but it is a path of roses compared with the thorny road the successor to a popular idol must tread, and when one reads the frankly expressed opinion of Adams' party friends and party enemies one's sympathies go out to the man upon whom Washington's presidential mantle fell.

"His superfluous highness" was the title the opposition had suggested for him in the days when discussion raged as to what the high officials of the government were to be called. He had great learning, great patriotism and an unquenchable spirit, but overlying and enveloping them all was a positive genius for doing and saying untactful things, for appearing at the worst possible advantage.

A member of his cabinet once said of him that whether he was "sportful, playful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close or open" he was "almost always so in the wrong place and with the wrong person."

The kindly Franklin characterized him as "always honest, sometimes great, but often mad." One less genial remarked that even in his soberest moments Adams was "the greatest marplot in nature." And John Randolph of Roanoke, whose tongue added the poison of ridicule to the bitterness of gall, called him "that political Malvolio."

Adams thought Washington's talents overrated and on becoming president in his turn was ambitious to make a record brilliant enough to overshadow him. It was certainly no easy task, even without the handicap of Adams' obstinate personality.

He knew that he was vain. "Thank God I am so!" he exclaimed. "Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down." But it had its lingering after taste, and justly proud of his record—having, as one of his biographers puts it, "stepped from his little country law office and proved himself a match for the diplomats of Europe"—Adams resented the narrow margin by which he had been elected, calling himself with some bitterness "the president of three votes only."

A vice president can be removed by nothing short of crime or physical incapacity, and Jefferson remained, an ever present and irritating thorn in Adams' side. Adams had found it hard to learn and accept the passive role demanded by the office, and he evidently took some satisfaction in impressing the same uncongenial lessons upon his successor.

Jefferson asserted that he was never consulted upon any question of government after Adams had been two days in power. And he did not make the charge in the humorous mood of a later incumbent, who used to declare that his chief had asked his advice only once and that was about the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation.

"I believe he always liked me." Adams admitted in a retrospect of his long career, "but he detested Hamilton and my whole administration. Then, he wished to be president of the United States, and I stood in his way. So he did everything that he could to pull me down. But if I should quarrel with him for that I might quarrel with every one I had anything to do with in life. * * * Did you ever hear the lines:

"I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view?

"I forgive my enemies and hope they may find mercy in heaven."—"Our Nation In the Building," by Helen Nicolay, in Century Magazine.

Wesley's Father and Wesley.

One cleric well known to fame who took snuff and loved his pipe was Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, from 1697 to 1735. He not only smoked his pipe, but sang its praises:

In these raw mornings, when I'm freezing ripe,
What can compare with a tobacco pipe?
Primed, cocked and toucht, 'twould better heat a man
Than the Bath fagots or Scotch warming pan.

Samuel's greater son, John Wesley, did not share the parental love of a pipe. He spoke of the use of tobacco as "an uncleanly and unwholesome self indulgence" and described snuffing as a "silly, nasty, dirty custom."—Westminster Gazette.

What the Well Revealed.

One of the first deep wells drilled in the west was put down near Huxley, Nev., by the Central Pacific railway in 1881, in a search for good water. The boring reached a depth of 2,750 feet, but the water obtained was of very unsatisfactory quality. At 1,700 feet the drill encountered a bed of "petrified clams," and the record states that at 1,900 feet well preserved "redwood timber" was found.—Argonaut.

Not only strike when the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Oliver Cromwell.

PREVENTION
IS BETTER THAN CURE
IT PAYS

to take precautions before the disease gets a firm hold. The whole country is filled with cases of "Grippe". At the first intimation of the disease get a bottle of

"Rexall Grippe Pills"

They are recommended as a remedy to allay the irritations, headache, general depression and fever associated with influenza colds--Price 25c. Sold only at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED: competent girl, white or colored, for general housework. Three in family. Mrs. C. E. Govier, State College. Bell Phone 102-J.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Apply to Miss Alice Reber, 312 West College Avenue, State College, Pa. Bell phone 30-M.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Hogs King Colmilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. "N" Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farms $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to big markets; wonderful opportunity, write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

LOST—Scotch Collie pup, 3½ months old. Lost on Sunday, January 16th, answers to name "Queen." Reward if returned to Clarence Rhoads, Bellefonte, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer, $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods. offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

LOST—On December 16th, somewhere between State College and Snow Shoe, on state road, gentleman's yellow leather traveling bag, about 20 inches long. Contains personal effects, business cards, order blanks also heavy red sweater. If finder will return same to Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa., reward of $5 will be paid.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1916

at 1.30 p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All that certain messuage, tenement, or tract of land, situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at the corner of Linn and Wilson street, thence north along the east side of Wilson street 200 feet to an alley; thence eastward along said alley 100 feet, thence southward 200 feet to a point in Linn street westward 100 feet to the place of beginning—it being two lots fronting on Linn street 50 feet and extending northward along Wilson street 200 feet on which is erected A TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, Barn and other outbuildings.

To be sold subject to mortgage May First, 1897, and recorded in Centre County in Mortgage Book No. 31, page 15.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Paul L. Wetzel, Administrator, etc. of J. H. Wetzel, dec'd., and Susan Wetzel, widow, Paul L. Wetzel, Nevin Y. Wetzel, Adah Lucile Piffer, Miriam Ruth Harriswick and Sarah Elizabeth Wetzel, (who has for her guardian Nevin Y. Wetzel), being the widow and all the legal representatives of J. H. Wetzel, deceased.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., January 7, 1916.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Estate of Miles O. Hoy, late of Ferguson Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

The undersigned, appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of the Administrator of Miles O. Hoy late of Ferguson Township, deceased, according to his first and final account filed in the Orphans' Court of Centre County, will meet the parties in interest at his offices in Bellefonte, Temple Court, on Friday, the 28th day of January, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M. to perform the duties of his appointment. All persons having any claim on said fund will be required to appear either in person or by counsel and prove their claims or be forever debarred from participating in the distribution of said funds.

W. D. ZERBY,
Auditor.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jacob Woodring of Port Matilda, Post Office, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney. JACOB WOODRING, Executor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Susan Becker Ferguson late of State College borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly attenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa. J. A. FERGUSON Administrator, State College, Pa.

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined to wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W Crider.

Convinced

Story of a Well Kept Secret.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Rosamond Deane was sitting at breakfast in her home in the center of a Georgia plantation. She was a spinster, and as Queen Elizabeth was married to the state so was Miss Deane married to a girl friend. That friend had left her some time before to take her invalid mother to Europe. Letters were received from the traveler postmarked Naples, Rome, Florence, Lucerne and other points. The last, received from a little seacoast town in England, announced that the writer would be at home within a few weeks.

While Miss Deane was breakfasting that morning it was fated that she should receive the surprise of her life. Chloe, an old darky woman who was born on the plantation, came into the room carrying a basket and exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, Missy Rosa, wha' yo' s'pose I found on de po'ch?"

Placing the basket on the table, she turned down an embroidered blanket and exposed the face of a girl baby that appeared to be three or four weeks old.

"Poor dear little motherless child!" exclaimed Miss Deane, bending over the baby and kissing her.

"Wha' yo' t'ink o' dat woman whe lef' her baby to some un else?" grumbled Chloe.

But Miss Deane heard not. She was busy uncovering the child with a view to examining the clothing for a mark of identity. The apparel was of fine texture, but there was nothing on it to give a clew.

"Well, Chloe," said Rosamond, "I'm sorry for its mother, but her loss is our gain. We will keep it. The house won't be so lonely hereafter."

"Ef yo' do when yo' come to lub it somebody come along and tak' it away from yo' sho."

"I can't help that. I can't turn the little stranger away."

But fickle fate, having brought a joy, turned about several days later and brought a sorrow. A letter came announcing the death of Miss Deane's bosom friend. It was dictated by the dead girl's mother, but was written by a man. The shock to Rosamond was severe and was the more intense that she had expected any day to receive word that her friend had arrived in America. For a time she forgot the little girl who had come to her in her grief; then suddenly it occurred to her that the child had been sent by Providence as a compensation for her loss. Taking the little one in her arms, she covered her with kisses.

In due time a letter was received, written in the same hand as the first and signed Edward Warick, stating that the mother had survived the daughter but a few days and both would be buried in England. This was a disappointment to Rosamond, who had hoped for the satisfaction of at least keeping her friend's grave green.

The clothes in which the foundling had been received were put away that they might possibly serve as an identification in the future. Chloe was installed as nurse. Miss Deane acted as mother. Months passed without any intimation as to the baby's parentage, and what was at first desired came to be dreaded. By the time little Winifred, as her foster mother named her, reached the age of six months she had so completely wound herself around the heart of Rosamond Deane and Chloe that any one appearing to claim her would have been regarded as an enemy.

When Winifred was eighteen months old her foster mother received a letter postmarked Philadelphia that astonished her. It was written in a man's hand, and an attempt seemed to have been made to disguise it. It stated that a child had been left at Miss Deane's plantation whose identity at the time could not be divulged without causing serious trouble. A change had come in the situation owing to the demise of the child's grandfather. A check for $1,800 was inclosed as payment for what had been expended on the child and more would from time to time be forthcoming. This was all the information contained in the letter except that the baby had been born in wedlock.

"Wha' I tole yo', missy?" cried old Chloe when the contents of this letter were made known to her. "Nex' ting some fine lady or gemmen come down with a kerriage and carry de baby off."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Deane, shocked at the mere prospect of such an event.

From this time Winifred's foster mother and nurse lived in a state of anxiety. An envelope came once a month containing a check for $100. The envelopes were addressed in different hands and were postmarked from different places, mostly abroad. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich seemed to be the abiding places of the sender, though one or two had been mailed in America. One day a letter came, evidently from the person who sent the checks, as follows:

It has been suggested to me that a possible taking away from you of the child left in your care may be harrowing to you. I therefore take this means of assuring you that she will not be removed from you without your consent.

"Ennybody know a fool man wrote dat letter," grumbled Chloe. "He hadn't sense enough to know ef one took de chile in one wouldn't want to gib her up."

"You're right, Chloe," replied Rosamond. "Some woman in his confidence has told him how unjust he was to us to keep us in a state of anxiety. It's a pity he did not think of it himself when he wrote the first note. I wonder if he is any relation to Winifred?"

"Like enough he de fadder. He mus' be mighty mean to keep de baby away from de mudder."

"We are completely in the dark about the matter, Chloe," replied Rosamond, "and there is no use in our speculating about it. I expect, however, that some day it will be explained. Winnie is evidently the daughter of parents of the upper social strata. At any rate, whoever is sending us money for her use must be wealthy. Half of what we receive would more than cover the cost of keeping her."

Miss Deane might have added that all the amounts received had gone into a savings bank, to be used as a dowry for the child when she should come to womanhood.

One day Chloe, who was dusting so fiercely that it was evident something was irritating her, let out upon her mistress:

"I don' t'ink a woman wha' hab chillen hab de right to marry ag'in nohow."

"Why, Chloe, what put that into your head?"

"A stepfadder air pretty nigh as bad as a stepmudder—sometimes wo'se."

"Come, Chloe, explain. What are you drivin' at?"

"Ef yo' marry Marse Childers like enough he git all de money wha' yo' put in de bank fo' Winnie."

"Good gracious, Chloe! What makes you think I'm going to marry Mr. Childers?"

"Ef yo' ain't goin' to marry Marse Childers wha' fo' all de flowers he sendin' yo', I lak to know?"

Rosamond's blushes indicated that Chloe was not far from right. Henry Childers had recently come into the vicinity, had met Miss Deane and had soon begun to pay her marked attention. He was an attractive man, and Miss Deane had not shown any disposition to turn him away.

"Chloe," she said soothingly, "Mr. Childers is very fond of children, and it is the gentleness he shows toward Winnie that has attracted me to him."

"Fond o' chillun! Just yo' wait till he git chillun ob he own. Winnie hab to take a back seat."

Notwithstanding this protest Miss Deane continued to accept the attentions of Mr. Childers. He was evidently a gentleman and seemed to be comfortably situated in a financial way. He was not a man of business, seeming inclined, rather, to the agricultural life of the south. He said that he would like to manage a cotton plantation, and whenever one was for sale it was offered to him. But none of them seemed to be exactly what he wanted. His main object seemed to be courting Miss Deane. At last he proposed to her. She put him off by repeating what Chloe had said about Winifred. He asked her if that was the only reason for her refusal of him. Rosamond admitted that it was. He asked her if she would consent provided he would satisfy her that his treatment of the little girl would be always kind and affectionate. She replied that no one could give any such assurance or, at least, it could not be relied on. He left her, saying that he would convince her beyond a doubt.

The same evening a darky rode up to the plantation house with an envelope for Miss Deane. It was addressed in Mr. Childers' handwriting. She took it to her room, where she would be alone, to read.

It contained a story too long to be given here. The following is a synopsis of it: Rosamond's bosom friend, who had gone abroad with her invalid mother, had met a young American whom she had soon come to love and who loved her. He had nothing of his own, though his father was wealthy and allowed him an income, which he was spending in travel. He had cabled his father that he was about to wed an American girl of no fortune. The reply was, "If you do your income will be cut off and you will be disinherited." The result was a secret marriage.

The only person in the secret of the marriage was the young wife's mother. A baby came, and its mother died. She had planned the future of her child in case of her death before its parentage could be acknowledged. Her husband was to take the little one to America and leave it with her friend Rosamond Deane. When the child's grandmother died he returned to America and, not daring to give up his secret to any one, had the baby left on Miss Deane's porch. His father died, and his son came into the possession of a fortune. At the time of the father's death the son was abroad. His wife had given him a sealed letter to be opened two years after her death. It was inclosed to Rosamond with the other manuscript. This letter expressed a wish that he should marry her friend Rosamond Deane and they should bring up her child together. He was Henry Childers.

Rosamond perused the narrative with deep emotion. She wondered that her friend had not given her a hint of her marriage, but remembered that she had no right to do so. She went over what had passed since the advent of the child and could not but admire the care with which the secret had been kept. A singular decree of fate was that she had named the foundling for her absent friend, its mother.

When Mr. Childers came the next day, on meeting Rosamond he asked:

"Are you convinced?"

For reply she suffered him to take her in his arms.

BRUMBAUGH IS AGAINST PLAN

Opposes Continental Army Idea and Gives Reasons.

STRONGLY DEFENDS MILITIA

Governor's Statement Meets Approval of People and Newspapers Heartily Commend His Attitude—State Guard Should be Encouraged by National Government and Not Humiliated, Says Governor.

Harrisburg, Jan. 18. — Governor Brumbaugh's determined stand against the creation of a continental army, as proposed by Secretary of War Garrison, has received the approval of the people of Pennsylvania.

Judging from the speech of prominent citizens and editorial comment by influential newspapers, the governor is right in advocating development of the state militia as a means of national defense and in opposing the scheme of the administration at Washington, which would attempt something that is purely experimental.

Though in office but a little over a year, Governor Brumbaugh is in position to speak of the efficiency of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. He is familiar with the work accomplished since its organization nearly forty years ago, has knowledge of the compliments bestowed on it from time to time by regular army officers and is in every way justified as commander-in-chief of the national guard to voice the sentiment of Pennsylvanians regarding the proposed continental army.

Serious Mistake.

Pennsylvania's chief executive does not propose to stand idly by while the militia of his state is being annihilated. He feels that if the plan suggested is carried out the work of the national guard will be minimized. This would be a serious mistake, for it would break down a service that is already the nucleus of a strong and trained army.

The best indication that the people agree with the governor is shown by the manner in which powerful newspapers are supporting him in the stand he has taken. For instance, the Philadelphia Bulletin says editorially:

"Governor Brumbaugh is right, not only in pointing out that we should hold fast to that which is good in this respect, but that in the last analysis it is the states which are the factors of moment in any military plan of national security.

"The states—and none more so than Pennsylvania—will co-operate far more effectively with the general government in a wise extension and readjustment of the present system than in the somewhat uncertain theories and dreamy glories of a continental army."

Takes Correct Position.

In a leading editorial, the Pittsburgh Dispatch goes into the matter at length to show that the governor has taken the correct position. Among other things the Dispatch says:

"Whatever may be the views of the experts, there will be approval by the people of the governor's words that neither the states which have appropriated liberally to build up the militia, nor the men who have given of their time and efforts to secure individual and collective efficiency should be ignored. Some good must have resulted from the years of experiment and expenditure of money. It should not be wasted. And in any event, as the governor remarks, we should not 'allow the hysteria of novelty to carry us headlong' into any situation."

Governor's Statement.

Following is the statement of Governor Brumbaugh:

"Pennsylvania is not in sympathy with the proposed continental army as part of the plan of preparedness for national defense.

"To erect such a national agency would place the present National Guard in a most unfortunate position and would be harmful to its interest and its growth, while what appears to be an impractical scheme was being experimented with.

"The guard has a long and honorable record, and its personnel is made up of real patriots who, through years of public indifference and at personal sacrifice have steadily kept an available secondary defense in shape for the nation's need. Instead of minimizing the patriotism and the work of these loyal citizens, they should be given increased national recognition.

"Both economy and efficiency will be attained if this aid is given and the national government turns seriously and actively to the task of making the National Guard the basis of a substantial and effective military force.

"In the last analysis, the states are factors of moment in any policy or plan of national security, and it is unfair and unwise to ignore or treat slightingly their activities in maintaining an emergency force of fairly trained and efficient men, willing for any service the nation may require.

Guard Equal of Any.

"In Pennsylvania we have a National Guard composed of officers and men of high capacity and in administrative efficiency and personnel the equal of any in the country. These patriotic citizens should receive the full recognition and encouragement they deserve.

"Our people annually and gladly devote of the state's revenue above $900,000 for this cause. We have at the expense of the state and municipalities erected armories worth fully $2,750,000, and this expenditure the work and the efficiency of the guard have amply justified.

"Instead of a new and untried venture of doubtful wisdom, and lacking in appealing or inviting features to the general citizenship, why not aid in extending the usefulness of an agency already endeared to the people of the several states?

"Make the guard as large as the experts wish; but do not discourage those who have labored so earnestly and willingly to advance its efficiency and value. Do not allow the hysteria of novelty to carry us headlong into a situation that in the end we shall assuredly regret. Rather, let us hold fast to that which is good and the permanency of which is established."

Who Were They?

A Case That Puzzled a Detective.

By EUNICE BLAKE

In important social centers where persons congregate who are interested in passing themselves off for more than they are worth there are establishments where jewelry, fine clothes and other articles intended for display may be hired. There is no better location for such a business than a gambling center where crowned heads, nobles, capitalists and such like are to be found in large numbers.

At Monte Carlo there was ten years ago the firm of Dorel & Co., whose stock of jewels was worth several million francs. They would loan these gems, charging therefor an amount equal to 5 per cent a month on the money invested in them. Their intention was to loan only to persons in good standing, but since they took a risk on any one they let have their jewels they hired detectives to keep all their debtors in sight and if possible forestall any loss.

A great many Americans visit Monte Carlo, and occasionally one of them would apply to Messrs. Dorel & Co. for the wherewithal to make a display. Since an American knows more about America and Americans than Europeans know about them the firm concluded to send to New York for a detective to occupy this especial field. Harry Havens was sent by a prominent detective agency and straightaway entered upon his duties.

Havens for the purpose of trial was set to watch a man who purported to have descended from one of the old Dutch settlers of New York. He was known as Hefliger Van Zant. He told Mr. Dorel, head of the loan firm, that his family, though impoverished, still held a high social position in New York society. He had followed a Russian heiress to Monte Carlo whom he was desirous of marrying. He needed clothes and a moderate amount of jewelry that he might make a suitable appearance. As for money, he had enough of that to enable him to make necessary expenditures.

He was furnished with what he asked, and Havens was set to look after him, though his story was believed and the property loaned him was not very valuable. As I have said, the detective was given an unimportant case that he might prove his worth.

Havens was not long in getting a view of the Russian heiress, Maria Nicholevna. She was about twenty-five years old and a fine looking woman. She stopped at one of the principal hotels with her mother, an aristocratic looking old lady, with two iron gray curls on either temple. She was known as "the Countess." The two ladies drove out a good deal and sometimes played at the gaming tables.

Havens had doubts as to Mr. Van Zant's being a genuine member of the old Dutch aristocracy of New York. He secured an introduction to Van Zant and asked him a few questions about life in New York, and the replies were hardly satisfactory. But the gentleman excused his ignorance on the ground that he had been educated abroad and had not been at home since he was sixteen years old. His accent was decidedly English, and this he accounted for from the fact that he had studied at Eton college.

Dorel & Co. knew nothing about the relationships between persons who were constantly coming to and going from Monte Carlo, relying entirely on those they employed to watch their clients. Havens was one day about to enter the office of his employers when he met Maria Nicholevna coming out. The detective was a close mouthed man and made no mention of the fact, but he jotted it down in his mental memorandum book.

The next evening the lady appeared in the gaming pavilion in company with Van Zant, wearing a coral necklace, the carving of which was so delicate that Havens knew it must be of considerable value.

Inquiry at the office of Dorel & Co. brought out the fact that it had been loaned by them; that it had been made in Rome and was worth $1,000. Havens was also told that the lady was laying her nets to catch a British earl, who was in Monte Carlo incognito.

Dorel & Co. went on lending articles of display, and Havens continued to perform his duties, which were to keep track of the supposed New Yorker. But he was equally interested in the Russian heiress.

Why she should borrow jewelry if she were rich he could not tell unless her own gems were in Russia, locked in the family vaults.

If she were really trying to catch an English earl, borrowing the stones might be in order. Havens did not set it down as convincing evidence against her.

Van Zant was intimate with an Englishman named Perkins, whom Havens thought it might be advantageous to pump. He sought Perkins and soon found an opportunity to lend him 100 francs ($20).

This put Perkins under obligations, and he told Havens as a great secret that Van Zant was no American at all, but Lord Herbert Hinchelwood, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Abbingward. Lord Herbert was inclined to be wild and had come to Monte Carlo unknown to his father, the earl, to take a flier at the gaming tables.

"The plot thickens," muttered Havens to himself.

"Query: Is Van Zant a New Yorker or Lord Herbert Hinchelwood, or is he neither?

"Is Maria Nicholevna the daughter of a Russian countess or an adventuress?

"Are these two deceived in each other, or are they working in a common plot?

"Is Perkins a stool pigeon for Van Zant or what he pretends to be, a London stockbroker?"

Havens leaned toward the opinion that Van Zant and Marie Nicholevna were both adventurers laying a trap for some person or persons unknown to him. But he was very uncertain. Both were either high bred persons or capable of imitating such. There is illimitable chicanery constantly going on among the nobility of Europe, who are of many grades.

Most of them are constantly scheming to gain something from some one else. Some are honorable; some are swindlers. The fact that Van Zant had borrowed the clothes he wore and Maria Nicholevna the coral necklace did not necessarily prove that they were impostors.

One evening Havens missed both Van Zant and Maria Nicholevna from the gaming tables, where they usually spent an hour or two tossing coins on to the table, sometimes winning, sometimes losing.

The detective had noticed that they were not especially interested, but were simply betting to pass the time. He believed they were absorbed in a bigger game, or at least a game of another kind. Their disappearance did not worry him so much as to his responsibility for Van Zant, since the value of his borrowings from Dorel & Co. was small.

He leaned to the opinion that they had gone after some one for whom they were laying a trap. On inquiring he learned that Maria Nicholevna, or "the countess," had gone to Nice and Van Zant had followed her there.

Havens went at once to the office of Dorel & Co. for information. What was his surprise to learn that Van Zant had been there and had returned all the articles he had borrowed, stating that his baggage, which he had left in England, had been forwarded to him. Maria Nicholevna had returned the coral necklace.

The detective was puzzled. The conditions would fit almost any theory. He formed no theory, for he had learned by experience that theories are misleading. He departed for Nice. After a search he learned that both his quarries were there at different hotels.

Soon after his arrival he saw Maria Nicholevna driving with her mother. She was returning to her hotel, and the detective followed the two into the house. He dined there at table d'hote and saw the Russian ladies in company with some persons who he felt sure were Americans.

Scraping an acquaintance with one of them, a young man from Philadelphia, he put on the pumping process, but only learned that his informant believed Maria Nicholevna was what she pretended to be.

One morning Havens was passing the little church used for worship principally by foreigners sojourning in Nice, when a carriage drove up, and who should alight but Van Zant. He went into the church, and the detective followed him. At the other end of the building were Maria Nicholevna, her mother and a few friends. No sooner had Van Zant joined the others than he and Maria Nicholevna stood before a clergyman who was waiting for them and were married.

Havens had gone over to Nice from sheer curiosity, for when Van Zant had disappeared from Monte Carlo, having returned what he had borrowed, the detective's official duties were ended. He remained in Nice a few days, scanning the marriage notices in such newspapers as he could get in order to see under what names the parties had married.

It was not long before he saw an announcement of a marriage between Lord Herbert Hinchelwood, younger son of the Earl of Abbingward, to Maria Nicholevna, daughter of Countess Warewtski of Warsaw.

Havens was not satisfied, but there was nothing for him to do but go back to Monte Carlo and ask to be assigned to another case. Nevertheless, having been told that Hinchelwood was heir to the title, he believed something was wrong.

One day, a month later, he read in a Paris newspaper that the wife of Lord Herbert Hinchelwood had applied to have her marriage with him annulled. The couple had met in Monte Carlo, where Lord Herbert had passed himself off as an American, but had given out as a secret his real identity. The lady had married him supposing him to be the oldest son of his father and heir to the title, and he had married her supposing her to be immensely wealthy.

Lord Herbert already had several wives living, or such was supposed to be the case. At any rate, he had a bad reputation and had been disowned by his father. The lady was the daughter of a Polish count whose fortune had disappeared, and he had become a music teacher in Paris.

Such was the experience derived by Mr. Havens, detective, in his first case in the service of Messrs. Dorel & Co. at Monte Carlo. He remained with them several years, and his notebook will furnish plans for a number of stories, the characters of which were either nobles or connected with noble families. But he says that none of them puzzled him so much as this case of an earl's son and a count's daughter. At any rate, in no other case were two sharpers bitten, each by the other.

QUIZZING THE CHEMIST.

Curious and Amusing Experience of Sir Hiram Maxim.

Having occasion to use some metallic mercury in his London laboratory, Sir Hiram Maxim sent his man, Silverman, out to purchase "one pound of metallic mercury in a strong glass bottle with a cork stopper." In "My Life" he tells the story of what happened.

Silverman soon returned and said that he could not find any metallic mercury. I asked him whether he had tried at a shoe shop or a beer shop.

"No," he replied, "at a wholesale chemist's."

I told him he must have made a mess of it somehow, and I sat down and wrote out carefully, "Wanted—one pound of metallic mercury in a strong glass bottle with a cork stopper."

Before long he came back and said that there was no such stuff as "metallic mercury" known in the chemist's shop and that he had been to a wholesale place. As the shop was not more than 200 yards away, I went around with him and said to the man behind the counter:

"I have sent this young man here twice for some metallic mercury, and he tells me that you have nothing of the kind."

"No, we never have any call for it," he replied.

"But is not this a chemist's shop?"

"Yes; one of the largest in London."

"Do you sell all kinds of chemicals?"

"Yes."

"Then how does it happen that you have no metallic mercury?"

"We have never had any call for it before. We do not know what it is."

"Have you any bicarbonate of soda?"

"Yes; tons of it."

"Have you any bicarbonate of potash?"

"Certainly; any amount of it."

"What is bicarbonate of potash a bicarbonate of?"

"Why, naturally of potash."

"Could you let me have some potash before it is made up into a bicarbonate?"

"Certainly."

"Have you any bichloride of mercury?"

"Yes; lots of it."

"What is bichloride of mercury a bichloride of?"

Here I had him. I asked him if it were his first day on duty.

"No; I have been here twenty years."

The head man, who had overheard our conversation, then came up and said, "Why, of course the gentleman wants quicksilver."

Curiously enough, it had never occurred to me to call it by that name, although I ought to have thought of it. However, it is never called quicksilver by scientific men.

POWDER HOUSE PERILS.

A "Jag" Without Whisky and a Weird Nervous Disorder.

Alcohol is greatly feared by the powder people, and rightly so. But they cannot eliminate a strange malady that appears among their workmen in the powder mills. As subterranean labor in compressed air produces "the bends," work in the powder mills creates the "powder house jag," which is described as follows by Merle Crowell in the American Magazine:

A powder house is no place for an unsteady hand or an unseeing eye. But the "powder house jag," a freak product of the plants themselves, is something which no amount of diligence can forefend. Large quantities of alcohol are used in the making of smokeless powder, and the air in the shops frequently gets heavy with its fumes. Men have been known to leave the plants reeling and stupefied, while one serious accident was caused because a fume fuddled workman threw on both the high pressure and low pressure brakes at the same time.

A weird nervous disorder that steals upon powder makers has been called "powderitis." Treading all day with rubber sole shoes in a shop which a vagrant spark will change into a crater, they get keyed up to a nervous tension that never runs down, with the result that even when off duty they nearly jump through their collars at an unexpected flash of light. Although powder, unless it is confined, does not explode at a spark under normal conditions, a powder shop may be changed into an inferno of wildfire in a few seconds.

Window Glass.

It is certain that there were glass windows in Pompeii, as the proof is found in its ruins. In more modern times it is known that windows of some kind were glazed so early as the third century, if not before, though the fashion was not fairly introduced until it was done by Benedict Biscop about 674. Windows of glass were used in private houses in Italy as early as 1177. —Exchange.

Making It Pleasant.

Bobbie (to young man who has come to see his sister)—Did you want the screwdriver, Mr. Binks? Mr. Binks—Screwdriver? What should I want with that, Bobbie? Bobbie—Oh, I heard ma say yesterday she thought you had a screw loose somewhere.—London Mail.

Change of Direction.

"What became of that man who said he was going to be a candidate?"

"His opponents made him change his route," replied Senator Sorghum. "He started by running for office and ended by running for cover."—Washington Star.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.—George Eliot.

A Common Sense Decision

The Story of One Born to Society

By MARTHA V. MONROE

David Bartlett, from the day he began to talk, showed that he would be a stutterer. As soon as he grew old enough to be taught anything his parents made every effort to overcome a blemish that was sure to seriously interfere with his career. But despite the fact that they placed him under the care of various persons who pretended to be able to cure him, the defect remained.

The greater the loss from an imperfection the more aggravating the case. From early boyhood David gave promise of future prominence could he be freed from his unfortunate impediment. In schools he showed an originality that surprised his teachers. In college it was admitted that were he able to speak easily he would be a leader in debate. He made one attempt to address his fellow students, but so lamentable was his failure that he never tried again. On graduating he was assigned one of the principal parts because he was entitled to the honor, but the college authorities well knew that his defect would compel him to decline it.

By this time Bartlett was a man among men and received from them the forbearance and sympathy due him. In his childhood it had been different. Children who do not realize the misfortunes of others are cruel to one another. From the time David was old enough to have playmates he received now and again jests and laughter upon his misfortune. Boys are more unsparing of one another than girls, and, though David's immediate companions learned to pass his defect unnoticed, no sooner was he thrown in with a strange boy than his first failure of utterance was received with laughter.

This drove him from playmates of his own sex, and, being a boys' boy, he did not care to be relegated to the companionship of girls. There was one girl, however, whom he favored because she was not favored by girls of her own age. Mildred Swayne suffered from a misfortune similar to that of David Bartlett. She was born with a contraction of certain muscles of the face which, when she was pleased or amused, brought a contortion instead of a smile.

Those persons who have similar defects are apt to shun one another. The reason for this may be more easily understood than expressed. It is enough to say that it springs from sensitiveness. David must have overcome this sensitiveness so far as Mildred was concerned. At any rate, he rose above it and showed his sympathy for her by juvenile attention to her. He was not ashamed in children's gatherings to pair off with her, though he knew that his doing so subjected him and her to being considered two unfortunates whom others would not care to favor. Mildred, notwithstanding her boy friend's impediment, was very proud of his attentions and always stopped him for a chat when they met.

Nowhere do we find more pure selfishness than in that society which considers itself the elite and into which those who are without its pale are striving to enter. Favors are not bestowed simply from liking or admiration, but for an expected return, the returns usually being invitations. David Bartlett was not in a position at the age of twenty-two to entertain his friends. He was also handicapped by his speech impediment. Nothing remained but intellectual and moral worth, a very poor stock with which to shine in what is called society. David's parents had occupied a social position in their younger days and expected him to do the same. His manner would have entitled him to such even without his brilliancy, but he found that his inability to return favors gave those who were really his inferiors an advantage over him, and his defect of speech caused him to be shunned wherever it was possible without gross rudeness. Therefore, notwithstanding the desire of his mother that he should occupy that social position to which he was born, he one day resolved that he would not accept another invitation to a society function.

David disappeared from society without being missed. Indeed, his dropping out was rather a relief to ladies who were old friends of his mother and who felt obliged to invite him to their houses. This is not surprising. Charity there is in the world, but there is always a well defined dividing line between it and sacrifice. Soon after David began to decline invitations he disappeared from the scenes of his childhood and youth and was forgotten by all except his parents, a few intimate friends and Mildred Swayne, who, having finished her education for a teacher, entered upon her duties in a grammar school.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, heavens," exclaimed a girl at an evening social function, "there's that David Bartlett! I haven't met him anywhere in an age. I must slip out or I'll have to speak to him, and if I do I shall have to endure him for the whole evening unless some one comes up to take me away from him."

"It's two years since he left home. I understand that he has been cured of his stuttering."

"You don't mean it! How did he do that?"

"No one knows. Some say he cured himself. Some say he was cured by a process that he is pledged not to reveal. No one can get any information about the process except those who suffer from an impediment of speech. To such persons he will reveal his method, but to no one else."

David Bartlett had returned to his home cured of his defect. Occasionally he would pause for a moment while speaking and seem to be going through some mental formula, but even this was growing less and less frequent. He had been studying the profession of the law during his absence and soon after his return was admitted to the bar. Those society ladies who had known him before his departure did not long shun him, for he was admitted to be one of the most entertaining men in society.

While social position is gained or maintained by a rendering of what society demands, it is a mistake to suppose that its requirements are those things which can alone be bought with money. A society composed of those who have nothing but wealth to recommend them is very dull. The success of favorites in society has often been due to conversational powers. David Bartlett was full of ideas that he knew how to express in a manner to insure their appreciation. While he had suffered from his defect ladies had tried to get out of his way. After his cure many a woman, bored by a man who knew nothing out of the sphere of his occupation, on seeing Bartlett approach would draw him on with a smile in order to exchange him for her companion.

Bartlett entered the legal world as a junior partner of a law firm, but soon established a firm of which he was the head. His principal work was in court, where he was recognized as one of the best men at the bar to present a case, and his eloquence gained him an enviable reputation.

Naturally, from having been shunned, especially by those unmarried women who were seeking to make a marriage for an establishment, Bartlett came to be considered a catch. He was not only prominent, but making money. While he was not interested in punishing those who had shown the least consideration for him while he had suffered his impediment, it was but natural that he should feel no great affection for them. On his return to society he found a number of young women who had not found partners—at least partners such as they were looking for—and among these ladies were several who were not abashed at attempting to charm him. Not by word or deed did he indicate to such that he remembered their attempts to shun him when other and more desirable parties were at hand.

As Bartlett advanced in his profession and was known to be receiving large fees, so did the struggle on the part of a number of spinsters for his capture increase. Nor was this struggle confined to those who wished to wed him in order to be at the head of his fine home. Being a man naturally captivating to women, there were those who gave him their hearts without the asking.

Presently a rumor spread through the social world that he had surrendered. It was whispered that a certain widow who possessed a large fortune had agreed to unite her emoluments with the rising fortunes of the intellectual attorney. Then followed an admission on Bartlett's part that he had become engaged, but he did not name the lady. Society was agog to learn if the widow was to be the bride, and those women who had hoped for themselves tore the said widow, figuratively speaking, in pieces.

One day it was rumored in the social circle that Bartlett's cards were out. This was not considered probable, for no one of the elite had received them. But the suspense was soon ended, for the cards turned out to contain an announcement of the marriage of David Bartlett and Mildred Swayne.

Who was Mildred Swayne? Nobody knew. Then some one informed some one else that Mildred Swayne was a teacher. To this was in time added that she had suffered from a facial blemish that had been removed by surgery.

Bartlett was married—there could be no mistake about that—and since he had sent cards only to relatives and a few intimate friends—a very few of them in society—society could not call upon his wife, and he was no longer in the swim; he was a social suicide.

And so the waves of the social ocean closed over the talented Bartlett. As to his wife, she had never been in the swim. No one could understand why one with such a fine future before him could wreck it by taking a nobody for a wife. Bartlett thus stated the case to an intimate friend:

"Society was of no use to me. Nearly every unmarried woman in it was hunting for a man who could give her the means to keep up a fictitious appearance. I wished and needed a wife of a different kind. My interest in life is confined to my home and my profession. Why should I waste my time with people who care nothing about me and whom I care nothing about?

"I have married a woman with a heart that is overflowing with tenderness and sympathy, a woman who will be not only a true friend, but a congenial companion as well, a woman whose worth I can fully appreciate and who will be faithful unto death to the man into whose keeping she intrusted her future life. Oh, that more marriages were like ours!"

SAMOA IS CHANGING.

South Sea Islanders Reaching Out For Up to Date Things.

The natives of Samoa are exhibiting a marked inclination to imitate European manners. The beautiful siapos, hallowed by age long usage, are disappearing more and more, their place being taken by imported cotton cloth. Women and girls like to put on greater quantities of European wearing apparel.

In the vicinity of Apia native Samoan house and kitchen utensils have been replaced by European articles of less worth. New foods are being introduced. Instead of taro, bananas and yams, the natives now eat rice, biscuits and bread and even drink coffee in the morning. The new foods, however, have but a limited number of consumers at present.

The native huts were formerly covered with thatches of sugar cane. Insects have destroyed the sugar cane plantations, and the natives now cover their dwellings with corrugated iron, which gives them much less protection both against the sun during the day and against the cold at night. The Samoan house is disappearing, too, and its place is being taken by square buildings of American pine.

The total native population of the Samoan group is about 42,000. There are 1,500 whites and half castes.—New York Times.

TOOK THE ADVICE.

Then He Gave It a Practical Trial, and It Worked.

Several years ago the president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men and dwelt with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only $24 in the world spend $20 for a suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes, 50 cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk up to the job wherever it is and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway president sat down amid a storm of cheers. The very next morning a dapper looking young fellow walked into the outer office of the orator and, handing a note to the clerk, said, "Please give this to the president." The note read as follows:

"I have paid $20 for this suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes and 50 cents for a hair cut and a shave. I have walked from Harlem, and I would like a job as conductor on your road."

He got the job.

The Presidential Salute.

One explanation for the reason for adopting twenty-one guns as the presidential salute is that there might be maintained a uniformity in national salutes, Great Britain having in the distant past adopted twenty-one as the number for the royal salute. Of the many surmises as to why the number twenty-one was settled upon we mention two—first, that twenty-one was the number of years fixed by English law as the age of majority; second, that seven was the original salute and three times seven would signify one seven for each of the divisions, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. It is asserted that the United States adopted this salute to signify to the mother counry that her child had reached his majority and was prepared in law to inherit the land and to this end fired the "gun of 1776," the figures of which year, 1+7+7+6, equal 21.—Philadelphia Press.

Goose and Michaelmas.

The English custom of eating goose on Michaelmas, Sept. 29, is said to date from the time of the great Queen Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had gone to call on Sir Neville Umfreyville. A messenger from the royal palace arrived and asked to see her. The queen allowed him to come into the dining room, where she was enjoying a slice of tender goose. The queen had just bitten into a delicious morsel when the messenger announced that the Spanish armada had been defeated. It happened to be Sept. 29, Michaelmas, so future generations of English celebrate by eating goose, although the custom is much older and extends to other countries.—London Mail.

The Grumpy Bachelor.

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat on one occasion nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations.

One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow!"—London Telegraph.

He That Loveth a Book.

He that loveth a book will never be without a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes.—Isaac Barrow.

How She Felt.

He (to wife at the piano)—That new piece you are trying is pretty difficult, isn't it? She—Yes; I feel lika an aviator. He—How so? She—I'm trying to conquer the air.

The secret of mechanical, commercial, financial or any other pre-eminence is disclosed in one word—thoroughness.

AN ANCIENT ROMANCE.

The Story of Ruth and Boaz and True Human Kindness.

The book of Ruth is the greatest pastoral idyl in literature. It is founded according to the Christian Herald, on loving kindness, the loving kindness of the Moabites revealed to her family and the loving kindness of Boaz, the wealthy Israelite, to Ruth, his kinswoman. It also contains the germ of that great heartedness which is the center of the gospel of Christian love.

It is a book that opens with tears and famine and ends with the sound of wedding bells. The story turns upon the straightforwardness of Boaz, who showed kindness and manliness to Ruth, a member of a nation that was Israel's foe, and in that kindness founded a new house, the house of Jesse and David, the royal line that begat a greater than David.

Boaz is immortal among Bible heroes for his kindness, his plain, everyday generosity, his sense of protecton and care for the lonely, unprotected Moabitish girl, his dead kinsman's wife, who in her poverty gleaned in his harvest field after the reapers. Boaz gave orders to his reapers that they should allow her to glean even among the sheaves of barley and by his large heartedness gained a wife and, more than that, made a place for himself in that immortal company which is renowned for naught but for being kind.

Saved by Her Voice.

When traveling to Paris with some other ladies on one occasion Mme. Grisi had a thrilling adventure. At a small wayside station a man entered the carriage, and it soon became evident from his threatening gestures and eccentric behavior that he was a dangerous lunatic. Though her companions were panic stricken, Mme. Grisi retained complete presence of mind and with the utmost composure began to sing. At once the maniac was quiet. His whole attention was riveted on that magnificent voice, and he remained the most appreciative of listeners until the train reached the next station, where he was secured. It transpired subsequently that he was a maniac with homicidal tendencies who had escaped from an asylum.

MONEY AND THE HOME.

How One Family Solved the Difficult Financial Problem.

In the American Magazine a contributor tells how he and his wife have solved the problem of domestic expenses.

"When my wife and I were first married," he says, "we experienced some difficulty in the handling of my salary. My wife would often want little things and would hesitate to ask me for the money, fearing that I would think them silly. Again, she would need clothes occasionally and would not wish to ask for them, believing that either I could not afford them or would think her extravagant. Often I would see things that I desired, but many times would not buy them because I could not afford to spend a like amount on her.

"So we devised a method of dividing the money. Upon receiving my salary twice a month I pay whatever household bills that are on hand, such as rent, coal, groceries, light, etc. The balance I divide, giving half to my wife and retaining the other half myself. Then we each pay half the daily incidental expenses of the house, being very exact, even to the purchase of a yeast cake. Personal expenses, such as clothes, car fares, etc., we each pay from our own halves. If we go out for a day's pleasure I pay the bills, and upon our return I figure what I have spent, and my wife pays me her half. Thus each of us has half my salary, each pays half of the household expenses, and each has half of the balance for his own use."

Office and the Man.

"What do you think of this theory that the office should seek the man?"

"Properly applied it is all right."

"Yes?"

"But it should not be made an excuse for sitting around waiting for a job to come to you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Playing Safe.

"In years to come somebody undoubtedly will want to publish your life and letters."

"They may go as far as they like with my life," said the eminent and astute politician, "but I shan't leave any letters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

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Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

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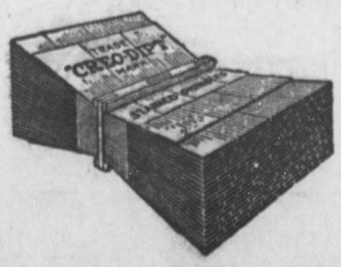

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THE TEMPTER WON.

A Decoration That Was Accepted, but That Held a Sting.

When the late Baron Nordenskjold was at Ceylon on the way home from his journey along the northern coast of Siberia he received a telegram from the Russian government asking him whether he would accept from the czar a certain decoration as an appreciation of his services to Russia.

For many days the famous explorer wavered, as he was a member of Bjorsterne Bjornson's Anti-decoration club, whose members were solemnly pledged never to accept any decoration from anybody.

Nordenskjold, however, could not resist the temptation, so he replied to the telegram in the affirmative. It is not hard to imagine his disappointment when upon reaching home a friend of his, a high official, told him the following:

"The Russian government was well aware of your antagonistic views in regard to decorations and had therefore placed in readiness 200,000 rubles to be paid you in the event of your refusing to accept the insignia, but before paying that sum they wanted to try your firmness. Russia is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge."

The Fashion of the House.

A servant girl happened to be engaged at a farmhouse where the mistress was known to have a hasty temper. On the first Saturday night the girl was at the farmhouse she was told by the mistress to clean the boots ready for Sunday. The mistress on coming into the kitchen later on saw that the girl had cleaned her own boots first. So she took them up and threw them into a tub of water that was standing by and bounced out of the kitchen. The girl said nothing, but when she had cleaned the other boots she threw them also into the water.

"Whatever possessed you to do that, girl?" asked the mistress on coming again in the kitchen.

The girl simply replied:

"Well, ma'am, please, ma'am, I thought it was the fashion of the house, ma'am!"—London Tit-Bits.

Home of the Chinchilla.

The chinchilla, a little animal the size of a squirrel, is met with only in the Andes of Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru and northern Chile and is never found under a height of 9,000 or 10,000 feet. The Indians are eager trappers and hunters of it for its fine fur. The skins are well seasoned with salt and made up into small packages for dispatch to the towns, whence they are shipped abroad.

Young Girls and the Stage.

Mrs. De Navarro, formerly Mary Anderson, our beloved actress, receives deluges of mail from all parts of the world asking her advice to young girls who would go on the stage. She puts it this way: "Don't go on the stage unless the feeling that you can rise to the top within a very few years is so strong within you that it amounts to a moral certainty."—Boston Herald.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with

RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 ravel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

George T. Bush is ill, suffering from pleurisy.

Rev. C. C. Shuey was a visitor to Huntingdon last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tressler visited over Sunday in WarriorsMark.

Mrs. Shugert departed today to visit with friends in Downingtown.

Mrs. Samuel Gray, of State College, visited in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Colonel Hugh S. Taylor transacted business in Snow Shoe on Tuesday.

Don't forget Mrs. Garber's dance Friday evening in the Bush Arcade hall.

Frank Shilling departed on Wednesday for Clearfield, where he will be employed.

Fred Heckman and Mrs. Robert Henderson departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frank Crawford and son, Francis, spent last Friday and Saturday in Williamsport.

Miss Julia Curtin departed last Thursday for Aspinwall, where she is visiting with friends.

Miss Rebecca Valentine has gone to Philadelphia, where she will take a course in stenography.

William Mills spent several days last week in Washington, Pa., having been called there by the illness of a son, Quin.

Miss Daisy Keichline departed on Tuesday for Petersburg, where she is visiting at the home of her brother, Dr. John Keichline.

Miss Jennie Morgan was an arrival home last Sunday from Philadelphia, where she had been undergoing treatment in a hospital.

The song recital given in the Court House on Tuesday evening by Miss Claire Lyon Nicolls was one that was greatly enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

Owing to recent advances in the cost of coal, the Bellefonte Steam Heating Co. this week increased rates for steam heating in business buildings and private residences in town.

While cranking his car to take it from the garage while fire raged in the Gentzel block at State College last Wednesday night, Maurice Baum had his arm broken by the back firing of the engine.

William Wood, one of the overseers of the poor for Rush Township, was a genial visitor in town last Saturday. He was honored with a re-election as overseer of the poor at the last November election

Three and four degrees below zero was registered in and near by Bellefonte on Monday, by far the coldest weather this winter. Tuesday was not much warmer, but along toward evening the weather moderated somewhat.

Mrs. Katherine R. Jenkins departed on Tuesday afternoon for Tyrone, where she will reside during the remainder of the winter with her daughter, Miss Dorothy R. Jenkins, who is musical instructor in the Tyrone schools.

Mrs. A. J. Cook has not been enjoying the best of health for some time past and at present is confined to her bed at her home on West Linn Street. Her daughter, Miss Margaret Cook, an instructor at Wellesley College, is expected home today to remain for a few days.

The wedding of Mr. Malcolm A. Mitchell, son of Mr. Isaac Mitchell, of Bellefonte, and Miss Ethelina Wainwright was solemnized at noon on Tuesday in Indianapolis, Indiana. Those from Bellefonte in attendance were Mr. Isaac Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell and Miss Eliza M. Thomas

Dr. John J. Mullowney, of the State Department of Health at Harrisburg, delivered an illustrated lecture in the New High School auditorium last Monday evening on "The Value of Medical Inspection and Health Instruction in the Public Schools." His remarks were most interesting and instructive and appealed particularly to the parents of school children.

Two rattling good basketball games have been scheduled for this week at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Tomorrow night, at 8.30 o'clock, the crack Altoona P. R. R. team will clash with the Bellefonte Academy five. On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock the championship P. R. R., Y. M. C. A. team from Tyrone will be matched against the Bellefonte Academy. Both visiting teams are ranked as fast aggregations and close, exciting games may be looked for. A large turnout of local lovers of basketball is urged.

The minstrel show in Garman's Opera House last Friday night was a hummer, just as this newspaper predicted it would be. The unviersal comment the next day was that the show was one of the best, if not the best, ever produced here by local talent. A packed house rewarded the several members of the cast, and a program brimming over with tuneful music and rare humor kept everybody amused and entertained from start to finish. Something over $200, clear, was realized. This will be devoted to wiping out the deficit remaining from last summer's Old Home Week celebration. "The Republican" congratulates the committees and participants in the entertainment for the enterprise manifested and the splendid success that attended their efforts.

'September Morn", Opera House, January 26th.

Colonel W. Fred Reynolds departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. A. Aiken and Miss Emma Aiken are visiting at the George B. Johnston home in Beaver Falls.

Miss Reba Noll departed on Tuesday for Clark's Lake, near Detroit, Michigan to visit with her sister, Mrs. Chauncey York.

Robert Cole, Jr., was called home from Philadelphia several days ago by the illness and death of his father, the late Robert Cole.

N. B. Spangler, Esq., has been spending some time in Sunbury, appearing in Federal court as counsel for R. B. Taylor, who is defendant in a suit resulting from a State highway contract.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mr. Albert C. Hoy, of New York, formerly of Bellefonte, and Miss Marjorie Blakeley, daughter of Mrs. William Blakeley, of Chester. The wedding will be in the spring.

Among those from Bellefonte who were in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. Irvin Gettig in Centre Hall on Monday were Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gettig, Miss Katherine Shreffler, Mrs. Edward Gebret, Miss Bernice Wallace and Mrs. Edward Bower.

Samuel Kling, who has been a progressive farmer at Jacksonville for some time, was a business visitor in town on Monday. Mr. Kling is quitting his farm and on April 1st will remove to Altoona, where a sister resides. He has not quite decided what business he will engage in there.

Jacob Levi, formerly of Bellefonte and for some time past employed with the Rempe dry goods store at Lock Haven, has resigned his position there and on February 1st will remove to Wheeling, West Virginia, where he will take charge of the ready-to-wear department of The Hub Store. Mrs. Levi was formerly Miss Cherry, of Bellefonte.

Bellefonte experienced considerable of a scare for a time on Tuesday when it was feared that the town was on the verge of a water famine. One of the pumps at the water works broke down early that morning and residents of higher points over town were soon without water. The greatest apprehension was lest the steam heating plant would be without water and the greater part of the town thereby deprived of heat on a bitterly cold day. The Pennsylvania Match Company, as on a number of occasions previously, came to the rescue and used its boilers for pumping water part of Tuesday night. It was calculated that several days might be required to complete repairs to the broken pump.

During these days of extreme cold weather it is interesting to observe that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. is planning for big excursions from Bellefonte next summer when folks will be complaining of the heat just as they now are about the cold. There will be one-day excursions from Bellefonte to Atlantic City July 30, August 13 and 17, to Washington on May 14th, and to Tolchester Beach Sunday, June 25th, and Sunday, July 16th. There will be 16 day excursions to Altantic City April 2, July 8, July 22, August 5, August 19 and September 2. There will also be a 16-day excursion to Ocean Grove August 24. On June 5 and June 20 there will be 10-day personally conducted excursions to Washington.

George Lose spent Saturday of last week in Altoona.

Mrs. James Harris is critically ill, suffering from pneumonia.

Dr. Campbell, of Pittsburgh, visited in town on Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Lydia Morris departed on Wednesday morning for New York.

William M. Allison, of Spring Mills, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

John T. McCormick, of State College, was a business visitor in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Larimer, of Johnstown, were visitors in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Edward Richards has as her guests Mrs. James Aull and son Jack, from Germantown.

Mrs. C. D. Casebeer is entertaining her mother, Mrs. J. R. Walter, of Somerset, who arrived here last week.

John Toner Harris, of Harrisburg, visited over Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris.

James Lambert and his mother in-law, Mrs. James Noll, of Greensburg, are visiting among relatives at Pleasant Gap.

Mrs. Thomas F. Connery, of Tyrone, was here Monday in attendance upon the funeral of the late Miss Anastasia Armor

Mrs. Ross and daughter, from Altoona, arrived in town on Tuesday and are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs A. G. Morris.

Mrs. John Curtin and Mrs. James C. Furst will give a tea from four until six o'clock today at the home of Mrs. Curtin on West Linn Street.

Mrs. George G. Smith, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had been visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Showers returned home on Saturday of last week.

Miss Helen Valentine's application to take a course in training as a nurse in the Presbyterian Hospital, in New York City, has been accepted. She will enter March 1st

Chief of Police Dukeman this week arrested M. D. Garman, of below Milesburg, on the charge of cruelty to animals. It was alleged that the necks of Garman's horses had been rubbed sore by the harness. Garman was fined $10 and costs.

A large dance will be given in the Armory on Friday night, February 18th. A feature which is exciting considerable interest among lovers of dancing will be the presence of Meyer Davis and his orchestra from Philadelphia. Meyer Davis is noted for his music for dancing. His orchestra for this dance will be composed of six pieces, and he has wired that he will be present in person to lead the music. The charge for the dance will be $2.50 per couple, which will include refreshments. There will be a charge of 50c admission for persons wishing to look on.

Mrs. James Miller Dead.

Mrs. James Miller died last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Morrissey, at Pennsgrove, New Jersey. She had been ill about one week, her death being caused by pneumonia. She was the widow of the late Carpenter Miller, of Beech Creek. Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. George W. Bittner, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Malinda Wesner, of Beech Creek; also by one brother, George W. Bowmaster, of Unionville, and one daughter, Mrs. W. P. Morrissey of Pennsgrove. The body was removed to Beech Creek on Friday for interment.

Maude Potter and Leslie Jones with "September Morn" Company

Garman's Opera House -- Wednesday, Jan. 26

PRICES— $1.00, 75, 50 & 35c

Seat Sale at Parrish's Drug Store Phone Orders

Japland.

"Japland" comes to the Garman Opera House, Friday February 4th. "Japland" is one of the largest traveling organizations, containing John W. Vogel's Big Minstrels in its entirety, also a complete cast for opera, a girl chorus of twenty, concert band and double symphony orchestra. The minstrels give their first part in costume, while the operatic contingent sing selections from the many compositions in their vast repertoire. The specialties from the minstrel olio prevent monotony and the big girl chorus lures the heart. "Japland" is in two acts and fourteen scenes—all carried by the company—and is pictorially, as well as for gorgeous costuming, a grand spectacle entirely worth while—much beyond that seen with the average road show. Mail orders should be addressed to Parrish's Drug Store. Prices, 25, 35, 50, & 75c.

"September Morn."

The Gillespie-Stauffer musical comedy "September Morn" under the direction of Messr. Rowland & Clifford will be presented in Bellefonte, Wednesday evening, January 26th, at the Garman Opera House. The vast majority of those who take a lively interest in hilarious farce interlarded with copious songs and dances have long since capitulated to the exquisite tenderness and sportive qualities of the better known songs of the piece.

Gives Sword as Prize.

Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, president of the Altoona "Tribune" and noted author of tales of mountains and streams, has presented a prize sword to the military company of the freshman class at Pennsylvania State College which shows the greatest efficiency at the review on Pennsylvania Day. Another sword, which has been under competition for the last three years' will now be contested for by the sophomores, only.

Mrs. Addison Kyle Dead.

Mrs. Addison Kyle died late last Thursday night at her farm home near Hublersburg, aged about 60 years. Her death was due to pleuro-pneumonia and followed an illness of ten days. Her maiden name was Fannie Wilson. She was born at Salona. She is survived by her husband and three daughers, Helen, Anna and Margaret, all at home.

Newton Hockman Burned.

Newton Hockman, of Zion, was painfully burned about the hands and arms last Friday when some gasoline on his clothing became ignited. He was engaged in repairing his automobile engine at the time of the accident.

Births Exceed Deaths.

The births in Centre County in 1915 exceeded deaths by 492. There were 1132 births and 640 deaths.

Well Known Eye Specialists Will be Here Next Wednesday.

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists, will be at Krumrine's Drug Store, Bellefonte, and Mason's Drug Store, Lock Haven, on Wednesday, Jan. 26th, for one week's time. Look at their big ad. on page four.

My First Day Out Since the Accident

STARTED for work eight weeks ago, stumbled, fell, broke an ankle; been home ever since, mending.

My ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY has kept me in funds, however. Paid me every month at the rate of $50 a week. Would have paid the hospital, too, had I gone there. Now that I'm out, I'll get $25 a week until I can go to work.

You're a wise man and ought to investigate this ÆTNA proposition. When you learn the ÆTNA people have paid over 128,000 claims, you wonder how you've gone so long without getting a hard jolt from Old Man Accident, don't you?

ÆTNA-IZE

Play safe. No man can afford to pay out for sickness or accident today what he can't get back tomorrow.

Write, call or phone.

John F. Gray & Son

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DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

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Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street

Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

NEWMAN'S Ladye's Shop

Successor To

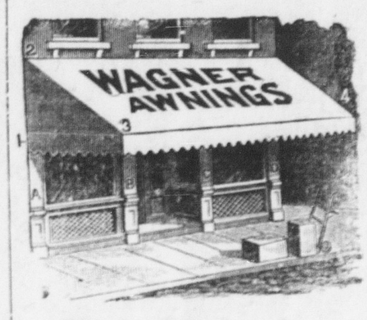
Mrs. J. A. Aikens

Ladye's Suits, Coats, Waists and Dresses greatly reduced.

Also great reduction in Muslin Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery and Neckwear.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.



W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley

(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri. State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

Mid-Winter Clearance

Where A Gold Dollar is Worth $1.50

Gold is the standard of money system. When it is scarce---its value increases. During our own Civil War, a gold dollar very often was worth $1.50.

In the clothing business our Suits and Overcoats are the standard of style and value. To be able to get them at a reduced price is quite the same as if you were able to buy gold dollars for 60c. or so.

In other words, your dollar in our store this week is worth at least $1.50 if invested in one of our Suits and Overcoats.

$8.00 for Suits and Overcoats that were $12.00
$10.00 " " " " " " $15.00
$13.00 " " " " " " $18.00
$13.50 " " " " " " $20.00
$14.00 " " " " " " $22.00
$16.50 " " " " " " $25.00

Only twice a year does this remarkable event happen. This is one of the times---make the most of it.

Montgomery & Co.

We Guarantee Every Suit or Overcoat we Sell.